

THE ROUND TABLE.

A SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SOCIETY, AND ART.

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THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1866.

CAN THE RADICALS LIVE TO RUIN US?

CONGRESS, before it adjourned for its holiday recess, succeeded so well in dispelling all hope of return to peace and constitutional government as to make it pretty clear that the dissolution of the Republican party must precede the settlement of our difficulties. That body has committed itself to a violent policy until its only safety lies in continued violence. Its position is very much that of the two Indian nabobs who succeeded in putting their hog-head over the tiger, getting his tail through the bung-hole, and firmly grasping that appendage: so long as they could keep him thus overwhelmed they were safe; but they had driven the beast to frenzy, they dared not let go, and it was only when they attached the incumbrance firmly to him by the happy expedient of tying a knot in his tail that they escaped from the dilemma of following the tiger about for life or being eaten by him. The Congressional party as yet lacks the means of attaching the burden securely to its adversary. They have a sufficient incubus ready to heap upon the South in the form of disfranchisement of white men, enfranchisement of negroes, and any other enactment they may see fit, in their unopposed power, to make. But they have this security only so long as they can continue to hold the load upon it, and, knowing that they cannot do so for ever, and that the moment of its freedom will be that of their own destruction, their present policy seems to be, by smothering it outright, to prevent its capacity for future injury. Self-preservation being as instinctive with parties as with men, it is natural enough that the Republicans take this view of the matter and act upon it. But in the opinion of the nation the existence of the Republican party is not likely to be regarded as a thing of such paramount importance that all other considerations must fall before it. The people—whatever license they have hitherto granted the politicians—will scarcely permit them to extinguish the political life of the South, saving themselves indeed, but leaving the North coupled with a corpse—as if Chang were to prefer that Eng should die rather than change their doctor.

The people who already have once been called upon to extricate the nation from a war which the politicians brought upon it, cannot much longer be kept in ignorance of the fact that the politicians are again doing their best to involve it in difficulties exceeding those of the war, and to render impossible any restoration of that Union the war was meant to preserve. The blind popular enthusiasm which has been so adroitly nurtured cannot last for ever; and the reaction, if we may judge from precedent, will be not less violent than the high fanaticism now rampant. The Republican party has had its day, done the duty it was called on to perform, become insolent in its success, and only awaits the appearance of a successor that appeals to the confidence of the people to be cast aside in disgrace. It undoubtedly derived new strength from the unsuccessful attempt last summer to disband it. In that movement there was nothing to recommend it to the people. It was made in the interest of a President and a Secretary who were generally regarded with pure disgust; it was inaugurated by partisans notoriously devoid of principle and treacherous to party ties; it called upon all weary of the violence of the Republicans to unite themselves with the remnants of the Democracy, loaded down as it was with memories of all that is corrupt and odious; above all, it was premature, for the Republicans had not yet had time to dissipate the prestige with which the war had invested them, as they are now doing as fast as possible.

The Republicans had everything in their favor, chiefly the popular belief that the movement was simply an expiring grasp of the Democrats after power, and the disreputable tour of President John-

son and Mr. Seward, followed as they were by the pen of Nasby and the pencil of Nast. They were not slow to perceive and press an advantage from which they were to derive a new lease of life. They dextrously managed to swell the murmur of dissent into a roar of ridicule and indignation, that overwhelmed even the impenetrable Mr. Beecher, who had learned from his parasites to consider himself a distinct power in the state, and which broke forth with especial violence against the organ of the new party—repeating, in effect, to the newsboys the cry of the Roman populace, in rebuke of Appius Claudius:

"Tribunes! We will have Tribunes! Down with the wicked tendency of *The Times* to destroy its party!" The movement failed miserably, involving in contempt whoever embarked in it, insuring to the Radicals a complete triumph in the fall elections, and effectually deterring all who had anything to lose from participating in any new effort of the kind.

The spasmodic impulse which a party gains from an episode of this sort leaves no permanent effect, and, except that the Republicans will have a larger majority in the next session of Congress than they would otherwise have obtained, they are in the main as if it never had happened. To all appearance their fortunes are at their zenith; and with unchecked power for three years in both houses of Congress, and with ample schemes for practically possessing themselves of the public patronage, it seems as if nothing could menace the continuance of their rule. Much that is ridiculous has been said of the similarity of our recent experiences to those of England during the days of the Commonwealth, and all disposition to profit by the history of that time has been laughed away, chiefly because the public—at least the voting and political-paper-reading public—know little more about the Commonwealth than Mr. Johnson, who, according to the newspaper story, on being criticised for likening the disposition of Congress to that of "the Parliament which cut off the head of James the Second," corrected himself by saying that his allusion was to Charles the Second. But the likeness between the career of the Roundheads and of the Radicals is exact in many respects, and we suspect it will be more so in none than in paving by its own violence the way to its own downfall. What, for instance, will become of its harmony in the not improbable event of a single Senate containing a Sumner, a Stevens, a Wade, and a Greeley—all contending for the leadership? What will become of its very existence if in the next Presidential contest it is defeated? and what is more probable than its defeat in case General Grant or some other such man who could—and would—refuse a nomination at its hands should be among the candidates? Like the Roundheads, the Radicals have a strange admixture of honest zealotry and moral fanaticism, revengeful animosity and reckless ambition; and it is impossible that a party so constituted, when no longer forced to harmony by the fear of outside attacks, can long cohere. Under the united influence of popular disgust and desire for reunion and of its own disintegration, the Republican organization can hardly fail in no long time to go to pieces. The only thing that now retards that event is the fact that no outside party exists to which the people dare intrust the government, and the conviction that if the partisans of the South were in power we should see, *mutatis mutandis*, a re-enactment of the same tyrannies which are now so odious. Had the leaders of the wreck of the Democratic party not exhibited so hopeless and obstinate an imbecility in dealing with questions which it has long been evident the bulk of the people would only permit to be settled in one way, and that a way utterly incompatible with Democratic traditions and prejudices, the solution of our difficulties might have lain in some measure, at least, with themselves. All hope of such a contingency is now rendered hopeless. Whatever is done in the immediate future, the Democracy, as such, will have no leading or influential hand in it. The nucleus of the new party apparently must come from the Republican—not necessarily the Radical—organization itself, and how long its managers can avert such a catastrophe is a point on which there is no means of arriving at a judgment. It can only be hoped that its reign will end before the mischief it is working shall become irremediable.

ATLANTIC TRAVEL.

CROSSING the stormy Atlantic is fast getting to be a mere bagatelle. Whether it be owing to our increasing wealth, our swelling population, or to the confidence begotten of long-continued impunity, the ocean trip is an affair of less moment with us to-day than was a journey from New York to Albany twenty years ago. Those who go to Europe often become familiar with sights that illustrate very strikingly our swiftly augmenting ocean travel. For example, when walking in Regent Street the other day, the writer recognized, in the very few hundred yards which intervene between Oxford Circus and the Colonnade, near the head of the Haymarket, nine faces with which he first became acquainted in Broadway. Their dress and bearing were unaltered, and, although several of the number were certainly Americans, they looked exactly as if they had passed all their lives within sound of Bow bells. Travel is making people cosmopolitan more rapidly than anything else can. Live lords, who used to be so rare as to be run after like natural curiosities, have grown so common that nine New Yorkers out of ten will scarcely go into the next street to see one; and this not out of republican simplicity or its affectation, for there is less of both among us every year, but simply because the sight has lost its novelty.

It is altogether probable that we shall have several new lines of trans-Atlantic steamships established next year; and although the fate of the *Arago* and *Fulton* may by some be regarded as discouraging to such a prospect, the precedent is to be taken with some grains of salt. The more people there are who wish to cross the Atlantic, the more ships it will take to carry them; and there is no more danger of new lines being found superfluous than new newspapers are in growing populations. Such rivals need not even be damaging to the old-established lines, since, like the newspapers, they have their own customers who for years have trusted and sworn by and will scarcely be tempted to abandon them. It is true that competition will have its ordinary tendency to make the needed commodity cheaper and better, and therefore to benefit the general public; but this is, of course, a contingency of which the public is unlikely to complain. We imagine that there is an especial need for a greater number of paddle steamers. All the screws roll notoriously, and the demand for passages by the favorite paddle ships always shows how decided is the preference.

We observe that some of our cotemporaries have been bemoaning the absence of an American line, the sale of the *Fulton* and *Arago* bringing to a close the only line which was owned on this side. It would assuredly be gratifying to national pride to have two or three fleets of splendid steamships carrying the stars and stripes across the sea; but this is a pure question of sentiment. People will go by vessels which afford in the highest degree the three desiderata of safety, swiftness, and comfort. It matters little to the pleasure-seeker or to the commercial traveler what flag floats over him, provided the ship takes him rapidly to his destination and feeds him well by the way. Granting these desiderata, the vessel might as well float the banner of the Grand Turk or the Imaum of Muscat as that of England or of France for all the effect which would be produced on her passenger list. The public will infallibly go to the shop where they can get the best article at the lowest price, and appeals to nationality are altogether beside the question. If half a dozen shops in Broadway sell similar goods, who pauses to consider whether this or that one is kept by a Frenchman, German, Englishman, or Yankee? The sole considerations are those of cheapness, quality, and, in a measure, the civility of the shopmen.

In this connection we may remark that we have observed with regret in the columns of a respected cotemporary a somewhat bitter attack upon the Cunard line of steamships, which seems to be inspired by personal feeling in an unusual degree, considering that the topic is a non-political one. The Cunard steamships have carried so many thousands of Americans as well as others during the past twenty years without losing a single life, that their owners deserve, if on this account alone, to be spoken of with respect. *The Tribune* speaks of the slowness of some of these

ships, of the *Europa* collision, of the *Arabia* getting into a field of ice, of the *Persia* racing with the *Pacific*, and of the *Scotia* narrowly escaping being sunk in the harbor of Queenstown, as so many counts against the Cunard line. But surely the proof of the pudding is in the eating. What strength or validity is there in either of these allegations? So far as the slow ships are concerned, we happen to know that some people, especially mothers of families, habitually prefer them, and there are numbers who would rather go in the *Asia* or the *Africa* than in the lightning-like *Persia* or *Scotia*. As regards the *Europa* collision, did any one lose his life or his passage thereby? Did not the *Arabia* get safely out of the field of ice? Did not the *Persia*, in spite of the race, bring all her passengers into port in safety? Did any harm come to the *Scotia* at Queenstown, and is not a miss as good as a mile in a matter of collision? On the other hand, and as regards all these questions, is it not notorious that the unexampled position which the Cunard line has acquired is due to the unexampled safety, regularity, and comfort which passengers and shippers have so long enjoyed who have availed of its advantages?

It is all very well to attribute these things to luck. It is a kind of luck, however, that people who have a wholesome regard for life and limb are very much in the habit of appreciating. The Cunard line has won its position just as the *Tribune* has won its own, by dint of faithfully serving the public, steadily fulfilling its promises, and so building up a credit which involves permanent and solid success. The public cares for this and only for this. Newspapers or steamships, as commercial enterprises, are thus far in the same category. The market is regulated by conditions with which nationality has very little to do. *The Herald* sells no fewer papers because its proprietor is a Scotchman, and we conceive that the circumstance is not often considered by advertisers. We should be very glad to have American lines of steamships, as we should be glad to have American historians, poets, or novelists; but so long as Macaulay, or Swinburne, or Dickens furnish them with more acceptable matter than can be indigenously grown, we may depend upon it that Americans will continue to buy the works of Macaulay, Swinburne, or Dickens, patriotic arguments to the contrary notwithstanding. None will be better pleased than ourselves to see a company succeed in doing what Mr. Collins and others have failed in; and all who are interested in the matter may rest assured that when a line of steamships, American or other, is established and conducted upon principles as sound and far-sighted as have been those of the Cunard company, it will reap, for that reason and not on the score of its nationality, a similar reward.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

THE all-absorbing subject of interest in those states of our Union on the Pacific coast may be said to be the construction of a railroad across the continent, while the future prosperity of the territories lying between the Missouri river and the Sierra Nevada mountains hangs entirely upon it. The work itself is the greatest which the engineering skill of the century has devised or the extraordinary enterprise of this nation grappled with. The idea of connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans by an iron road is grander than the wildest dreams of the earlier navigators; and the visions of the North-west passage, so long the lode-star of discoverers, pale their ineffectual fires before this practical, sober design of nineteenth-century contractors. The short cut to Cathay which Columbus dreamed of and Cabot and Hudson sought to find is to be achieved not by discovery of navigable bays or rivers, but by surmounting nature's most rugged difficulties, by traversing desert wastes and climbing mountain heights. And that this great work will be accomplished in our day and generation we seem to have the strongest proof. It can be retarded by the universal passion for stealing which marks all railroad enterprises; but it will be accomplished. And yet we have fears that the work, apparently progressing so rapidly, is in danger of suspension from this very cause. Our railroad magnates are, unfortunately, possessed of the idea that they must make large fortunes in the prosecution of the work. They

are not willing to await its completion and the natural profits which would inevitably arise out of so grand an enterprise. They think they must bag immense sums as they go along. The government has granted to three roads now in progress from this side subsidies of \$16,000 per mile and enormous grants of the public lands, and the whole policy of the gentlemen into whose hands these grants have fallen seems to be directed towards getting all they can and doing for it as little as possible. The Central route from Atchison westward is completed forty miles, and the contractors and their friends have just returned from a grand jollification over the opening. We should consider it better taste in those gentlemen to postpone their junketing until the length of road they had finished bore some decent proportion to the work they had yet to do. But Congress is to be importuned again this winter for fresh grants, and Indian treaties are to be made; and this is one of the methods used to blow their own trumpets and exalt their particular work. This same Atchison and Pike's Peak Railroad is contracted for to a distance of one hundred miles, the contractors in general being the president and directors of the company and their friends. To the contractors has been turned over the immense grant of lands, the \$16,000 per mile given by the government, and a like sum of first mortgage bonds. It is calculated by these gentlemen that their profits on the work of building this one hundred miles of road will exceed the princely sum of five million dollars. And yet these greedy people are not contented. They want more. They sigh after fresh fields and pastures new. They already possess the regal domain of the Kickapoo Indians, for which they have promised to pay the red men one dollar and a quarter per acre, and which they now hold at ten dollars per acre. But they are too astute to offer their lands for sale. If they did, the aboriginal owners of the tracts for which they pine might have their sleepy eyes opened to the fact that their patrimonial acres were worth more than a dollar and a quarter each. Congress will be importuned this winter, and accomplished lobbyists will pervade the national Capitol, to provide fresh profits for these philanthropic gentlemen. It is time that the whole subject received the attention which it deserves. It would be well to know what senators and what senators' friends are interested in these schemes, and it would be desirable to have a committee appointed to examine into all of this Pacific Railroad business. It needs examination. If one hundred miles pay a profit of five million dollars, almost all of which is derived from the national exchequer, what will the whole road cost? It is a very simple sum in common arithmetic, which does not need an acquaintance with the higher branches of mathematics to demonstrate. The objections to great works undertaken by the government are great and many, but we doubt if the construction of the Pacific road by the government could produce a worse result than this. And this is only the beginning. This is only for a small part of the distance. These persons who have made so pleasant a speculation over the first hundred miles will and do desire a fresh lease of power and new opportunities for obeying the Shakespearean precept, "Put money in thy purse." So long as Congress can be persuaded into giving sixteen thousand dollars a mile, and a credulous public will take bonds to a like amount, and so long as these two items cover the cost of building the road, the gentlemen interested will continue to build. Why should they not do so? By such a course they secure the magnificent land grant on either side of the road for nothing. But a time will come when mountain passes have to be cut and tunneled, and impetuous rivers bridged, afar out in the plains, when the cost will be larger than the two items we have just mentioned. Labor will be more costly, subsistence dearer, and the great difficulties of the enterprise before them. The lands, too, in these distant deserts are not so much sought after as the fertile slopes that border the Missouri. When this state of facts exists, the following question will become a pertinent one: Will the gentlemen who have secured without cost those fertile acres care to obtain at a considerable price barren and sterile ones? We think it needs no great amount of foresight to enable us to answer this question in the negative. Therefore,

we think that any further legislation by which the public domain or the public money may be granted for the purpose of building the Pacific Railroad, should be coupled with conditions which shall render the grants nugatory should the work for any reason fail to be completed. We would make all grants upon conditions, and in the event of the conditions failing we would have the grants fail also.

SOPORIFIC JOURNALISM.

THERE is a certain literary phenomenon, not altogether peculiar to this country, but which circumstances have combined to make very striking here, and which is especially manifested in current criticism of journalism. Its first enunciation may, however, appear strange, and may even excite incredulity; but a little reflection, after a candid examination of the data we have to offer, will no doubt establish conviction. Many needless abuses in everyday life continue to exist when they should be extirpated, for no better reason than that people who see and who ought to denounce them either through negligence or fear hesitate to do so, until at last a truthful description strikes the common ear like an exaggeration or a fallacy. In such cases he who eschews euphemy and boldly proclaims the facts as they are runs the risk of being vilified as well as misunderstood, for there are always plenty to be hurt by attempts to disturb the established order of things; but as we sit here to encounter precisely such risks, we shall not flinch from doing so in the matter under consideration.

The phenomenon, then, to which we refer consists in the curious habit of assuming that all journalistic writing which is dull is therefore and of necessity respectable, and probably profound; and conversely, that all writing which is interesting is therefore and of necessity "flip-pant," and probably "sensational." Now, this is a very simple classification, and for people who have no capacity save in the direction of laborious dullness it may be a very satisfactory one; but, besides being very illogical, very provincial, and very silly, it is also very unjust; and it is, moreover, doing more harm to American letters—more to retard the growth of healthful criticism both of literature and society among us—than any single cause that can be named. It is not alone a question of distorting the meaning of words; it is a question of perverting the legitimate relation of thoughts; and although it is easy to show how such a state of things has been brought about—and in part innocently, so far as individuals are concerned—it is still easier to show that the time for such folly has gone by, and that educated people should set themselves seriously and zealously at work to reform it.

Whoever will thoughtfully consider the tendencies of the Puritan spirit, the canting dreariness of sectarian journals, the halting timidity of half-educated yet pious and well-disposed persons who have been connected with the press, the uncertainty that prevails in a new and democratic community touching correct standards of taste and scholarship, and then compare these matters with the products of the reaction they have engendered—a reaction of which such papers as *The Herald* are representatives—and whoever will remember that, in view of our busy lives and our vast tide of ignorant immigration, the canons of taste are always likely to degenerate irrespective of antecedent social or theological conditions, will have no difficulty in understanding how it is that, in newspapers more especially, dullness has come to mean respectability and sprightliness sensationalism. Now, dullness is not respectability, and interest is not necessarily sensational; and there is neither rhyme nor reason in affecting to make them convertible terms. It is true that a paper may be at once very dull and very respectable—as, for example, *The Evening Post* or *The Boston Advertiser*. But they are not dull because they are respectable, any more than they are respectable because they are dull. *The Evening Post* is respectable because, perhaps, of the high character of its two editors, although, if they both remain absent in Europe long, it is doubtful how long it will remain so; but this element of respectability does not in itself either prevent dullness or insure it—the latter result, in this particular instance, being achieved by a felicitous selection of subordinates.

In the like manner, it is quite absurd to assume that an interesting paper must inevitably be a "sensational" paper. It may happen to be so in a very vulgar and illiterate community; but there is no logical propriety in regarding the expressions as interchangeable ones. We are bound, however, to remember that there is always a great preponderance of stupid people in the world; and that when the accidental flow of events has brought about a state of things which is favorable to their interests and their vanity, they will do all they can to secure

its permanence. It so happens that, from causes heretofore suggested, there are a great many intensely stupid, intensely bigoted, and intensely provincial journals published in this country; journals which have outlived their usefulness if they ever had any; journals which exhibit neither breadth, scholarship, generosity, versatility, imagination, nor taste; journals which will be utterly out of their element in the coming era of literary progress and enlightenment, and which, therefore, evince an uneasy consciousness of approaching dissolution coupled with a malignant and acrid dislike for whatever appears to be very unlike themselves. Youth, freshness, and piquancy are to these withered and dried-up hags of the press inexpressibly distasteful; and, powerless to destroy, they seek to injure their attractive rivals by the stale, if facile, weapons of slander and contumely. But the public is learning to understand how much envious nonsense there is in the outcry of these antediluvian fossils which stigmatize as "flippant" and "sensational" all papers which commit the to them impossible crime of being interesting, amusing, or instructive, and it is well that it is so.

It is quite time that we attained a more metropolitan standard of thought, criticism, and expression. The pseudo-religious, ultra-didactic, and superlatively sleepy schools have had their own way quite long enough. Journalism like everything else must throw off its old conventional, Praise-God-Barebones fetters, and, like the genius of the country and the spirit of the age, must become fresh, salient, and original. Scholarship truly is needed, but quick wit and lively imagination are needed as well. The dusty and worm-eaten writing and editing of the past—ever in a tremble as to what Mrs. Grundy will say, ever infusing into journalism that sniveling twang compounded of district school-master and Methodist parson with which the last generation has been saturated withal—is becoming utterly obsolete, and deservedly so. Writers and editors of this stamp may have been all very well in their day, but their day is not our day. They are the men who find Macaulay and Ruskin and Buckle "sensational," and who would think the ability to write *Baxter's Call* better evidence of editorial qualification than the ability to write the essays of Montaigne. They are the men who would rather see a fiend than an iconoclast, and think *The Excursion* a better poem than *Don Juan*. They are the worshipers and slaves of elaborate dullness, the lovers of convention and platitude, the sworn allies of timid and laborious mediocrity. Their first and last idea of an article is that it should not say anything that has not been said before, and that it should contain, above all qualities, a sufficiency of the soporific. Conscious as they are that such pabulum as they are able or willing to supply is unworthy of the nation and the age, they seek to keep up an impression in the public mind that they are excessively profound, and that if they do not say much, like the owl, they keep up a devil of a thinking. By devices less pardonable than the latter they systematically depreciate qualities in others which they cannot rival, and strive to cry down as meretricious everything which by force of contrast puts them in the shade.

Fortunately, the success of these ignoble tactics must, in a country of such rapid perceptions as our own, be very evanescent. The mills of public appreciation may grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small. Humbug, whether it be of the blatant, vulgar sort, or of the starchy and priggish, I-am-holier-than-thou pattern, is always found out sooner or later, and the lack of real thoroughness and scholarship which is so easily detected in the class of journals we have cited must, with advancing intelligence and increasing culture, carry them to the wall. People will cease by degrees to believe that a paper must needs be respectable merely because it sets them asleep; they will cease to believe that a paper must needs be "sensational" merely because it amuses and keeps them awake. New journalists, with nicer scholarship, with sharper wits, with keener appreciation of the spirit of our time, will appear to shatter the old idols and to revolutionize the whole world of current literature; and the antediluvian fossils, whose best studied characteristic has lain in saying nothing in that ingenious manner which would attract the least possible attention and awaken the least possible interest, will pass away like foolish dreams and cumber the earth no more.

CHILDREN AND TOYS.

"WHAT gift," asks Cicero, "has Providence bestowed on man that is so dear to him as his children?" And what gifts, at this holiday season, we may be permitted to inquire, can man bestow on his children that are so dear to them as their toys? This is no time, say the little ones, for empty professions and hollow fond-

lings; give us something at once solid and alluring, substantial and titivating, glittering yet tangible, dumb yet unspeakably good society; in a word, give us TOYS! Don't wait until the gilt is off the gingerbread, until Santa Claus has gone up the chimney for a twelvemonth, and until the sad old frosty-bearded year has gone silently to join his predecessors. If there is ever a word in the language which should be united with toys, cry the prattlers, it is the little monosyllable *now*; and betwixt this and the bright New Year they will forgive their elders for all things but delay.

How strangely and sometimes how mournfully do these seasonable claims remind us of our own childhood and of the associations which hang mistily, may be, but pertinaciously around it! We remember now, if we forget in all the year beside, who gave us the ball or the doll, the rocking-horse or the tea-set, the plain, unpretending little toys we made fetishes of long before such scientific times as these were even thought of. We recall the faces and the figures of the kind big people who took thought of us and our hearts' cravings, and we once again review with disapproval the unfeeling souls who passed us unheeding by. Some of us, too—born near this part of the world, or perhaps another where the same good custom obtains—can summon up a memory of determined vigils when we resolved once and for all to see the great and good Santa Claus; how, as the small hours came gently on, resolution oozed away like Acres' courage, and, gradually oblivious of the doughty purpose not to let torpor conquer volition, we sank into unconsciousness; and how there remained floating dreamily in the mind a curious notion that Santa Claus's face was strangely like mamma's, temporarily obscured by the gush of joy with which the full stocking was clutched in the morning!

We cannot bring back these years, nor the thoughts and feelings that lived and had their being in them; but, as Madame Deschappelles says in the play, we live again in our children, and if experience teaches anything it should teach most thoroughly the need and the wisdom of circumspection and tenderness in all those details whose memory, we find, is so certain to be carried through life. Therefore let not the toys be forgotten; and even if a selfish reason be needed, the gratitude of children is not a thing to despise, for, although it may seem superficial now, it promises a heritage of love and kindness which may comfort and bless in far distant years. Let not the toys be forgotten; for they are teaching lessons now not for the sake of health and exercise alone, but by the inculcation of wisdom in many shapes and through many cunning stratagems which the toy-makers and toy-lovers of old would have been marvelously astonished to see. It may not be altogether for good that the callow mind is impressed so early by these new contrivances with a positive necessity for thinking; but for good or for ill a great revolution has been effected, and a toy is no longer simply a plaything.

Toys have kept pace with the march of improvement. They have not advanced so fast, perhaps, as engines of destruction, but we must remember that such has been the perverse nature of man that even better than to be amused he has loved to destroy. An ingenious combination of the two is to be found in the horrid engines of the Inquisition, and the delicate instrument devised by James VI. to mangle the fingers of the wretched doctor who predicted a storm when his majesty crossed the North Sea furnishes one of the choicest specimens of which we have any record. We do not use needles in our day to plunge under people's nails as did that high and puissant prince who reformed the Bible, but to ignite cartridges which take life by wholesale at distances which would have been out of cannon shot at the battle of Waterloo. But we would speak now not of Bismark's toy which the Kaiser found such sad sport for him, but of the toys of littler and gentler people. Toys, we say, have improved; improved to that degree indeed that they often seem better suited to maturity, and when we see a roomful of grown folks industriously engaged with "persistent soap-bubbles" and "flying tops" and "parlor fire-works," this idea gains confirmation.

Consider what toys were and what they are. We were remarking the other day on the short space which intervened between the first steamer which crossed the Atlantic and our own time, when ten ocean steamships leave the port of New York in a single day; but we have toys now which, granting a smooth sea, can do all that the *Walk-the-Water* or the *Sirius* did, and Lilliputian locomotives which will draw heavier loads for their size and weight than can the large ones which pull us on real railways. We have real balloons and saw-mills in little, and all manner of machinery which will "go," although oftentimes as small as the works of a watch. We have mice and horses and fire-engines and rattlesnakes which will run about the floors at a great rate and frighten

everybody out of their wits who may be unfamiliar with their secret. We have a wondrous variety of chemical toys whereby little children can produce effects that thirty years ago would have astonished their grandfathers even in laboratories. We have architectural toys with sufficiency of cunning material to allow the putting up of tiny buildings not alone on scientific but on aesthetic principles. These include different sorts of edifices, for churches and theaters as well as for private dwellings, and, for aught we know, economical city halls and post-offices may be found among the number. Then there are farm-yards, complete even to the pigs and chickens and pitchforks, and armies with due proportion of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, well provided with tents and camp equipage, with guns and tumbrels, with ambulances and caissons.

For budding intelligences of more peaceful inclinations, there are manufactories and ship-yards and shops of all kinds and degrees. The most instructive are those of the artisans, the carpenter's, mason's, and blacksmith's, each well supplied with little tools from which clear ideas of the respective trades may be obtained. We have seen, too, little printing-offices with paraphernalia amusingly complete and showing to a demonstration all the usually occult mysteries of the craft. Indeed, the means of learning nearly all things formerly held mysterious and costly and inaccessible multiply so rapidly in our day as to occasion grounds for serious doubt whether knowledge may not come to be despised because of its cheapness, and men grow more superficial because they enjoy such unexampled facilities for being thorough. Opportunities whether for pleasure or instruction which were formerly confined to the children of the great, are now thrown open to all in a fashion which the staunchest democrat ought to admire. Very little now remains hidden, but it is perhaps too soon to judge whether all reverence will fade out of the world in consequence. When lads of twelve discourse to you of the philosophy of the steam-engine, and little girls of ten write books while their parents are blowing soap-bubbles and exulting over master-pieces of pyrotechny which "leave neither smell nor substance" behind, the mind is rather staggered by the inversion and quite driven to inquire, What next? One need scarcely be surprised in this state of things to come home and find the children punishing mamma for making too much noise or locking up grandpapa for being impudent; for surely never were social conjunctions more likely to remind us than at present that men are but children of a larger growth.

We trust, however, that jealousy of their prospective supersession will not make parents and friends ignore the claims which precedent and tradition have fixed upon them for this festal season. The shops are gorgeous in their alluring riches, almost equally tempting to big people and little ones. But at present, and until the march of improvement brings about an expectable transfer, the keys of the treasury remain for the most part with the adults. Let them be politic as well as generous, then, for who shall say when they themselves may need consideration in their turn. "Treat your enemy," says somebody, "as if he were one day to be your friend;" and in like manner it were wise to treat dependents as if we were destined hereafter to change positions with them. Buy toys, then, by the carriage load all ye who can afford it; for at worst and at least you will have the reversion of them for your comfort when adult supremacy is overthrown, and, considering all the signs of the times, the date of that juvenile millennium is close at hand.

THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

A CERTAIN donkey, wont to roam in "meditation, fancy free," had exhausted his resources in the way of food, and found himself forced to look elsewhere for the means of sustenance. Where hunger urges search is eager, and but a little while elapsed before our donkey alighted upon an extensive grove, let us say, of thistles. Delighted with his success, he desisted from any attempt to seek further stores. Variety had no charms for his palate, and he at last came to believe that there could be no other food approaching the thistle in delicacy of flavor and nutritiveness. So wedded was he to this faith that, when he one fine morning repaired to his usual thistle-restaurant and found that beautiful roses had taken the place of his favorites, he disdainfully turned aside seeking new stores of thistles, and had he been able to express his feelings on that occasion he would, no doubt, have said that roses were "food for the future; but, as for me, give me the pure old classics"—thistles and nettles.

We are all familiar with the airs assumed by the *cognoscenti* on the advent of some new aspirant for musical honors. You, kind reader, have no desire to revel in

dissonances; nor have we. But has it not often chilled you to find that some new tone-poem, which by its freshness and beauty had charmed you, was received with indifference by one whose tastes you had believed in accord with your own, and to whose judgment in such matters you had been wont to defer? Such illustrations of the force of association in influencing taste and in narrowing the power of certain natures to receive pleasure from novel impressions are, however, too frequent to cause comment, and naturally dispose one to disbelieve in the genuineness of the praises which many bestow upon that which is old, at the expense of all that is new and genial in literature and art. An ill-natured critic might, with apparent justice, conclude that such individuals have found it so difficult to acquire a taste for those productions which they have at last succeeded in admiring that they dread having again to undergo a similar process.

The conditions of a lasting musical reputation seem enigmatical. Those who believe in the power of music and to whom it is a necessary enjoyment, can hardly conceive of a state of civilized society devoid of its beautiful presence. And here another consideration suggests itself. As the laws of harmony, instead of being the result of human ingenuity, seem to be founded on the unchanging natural relations of the quantitative and qualitative properties of sound, there should, we think, have been some earlier recognition of these laws. Be this as it may (for we shall leave the solution of this question to some other and more ingenious student of musical history), it seems strange that the oldest music in use is, as compared with literature, of modern date. Among the most ancient of the classical moderns we find Bach and Handel. Their works still live, even in our day correcting a tendency towards mawkish sentimentalism in musical art. We might go further back and cite a few others whose names have survived their works, and whose remains lie embalmed in encyclopedias. With those we can have naught to do, our present concern being with such masters as Bach and Handel, whose works are still honored in the observance. Of the compositions of these two geniuses none are even two centuries old. And yet we speak of Beethoven and Schubert and Mendelssohn and Schumann, whose graves are but newly made, as immortals. Are we not, in this, flattering ourselves with vain prophecies as to a future of which we can know nothing? Have we so verified the predictions of the past in regard to ourselves that we can map out the devious course of posterity? And is it not exquisite irony to designate those compositions which fall still-born upon the ear of the present as "music of the future"? A composition lives for to-day and the day after. A longer existence is rarely vouchsafed a work. If its impressions be so vivid that they cannot endure, its language is so eloquent that fame, where deserved, is rapidly achieved. If the memory of coteremporaries be weak, their feelings are strong. If the musician's reign be a short one, his sway is all-powerful while it lasts. And thus there are beautiful compensations even in this art, although an immortality of fame seems in it more than in nearly all the others the most problematical.

A NATIONAL BUREAU OF INSURANCE.

THE great body of the public long regarded the claims of insurance with doubt and distrust, and were slow to be convinced of the soundness of its principles and of the incalculable advantages offered by it as a means of guarding against risks of life, and those by sea and land, by "flood and fire." It would be quite beyond our present purpose to give a history of the progress of insurance on both sides of the Atlantic since the year 1706, when life insurance was first practically introduced into England in connection with the old Amicable Company, of London; but we will mention two or three facts that will suffice to demonstrate the wonderful progress made in this country alone, even within the last fifteen or twenty years. It is only a few days since the president of one of the most flourishing of the old companies of New York assured us that the *new* business of the twelvemonth just closed in their office considerably exceeded the total of the first twenty years! The best and most impartial authorities are agreed that the total amount insured in this country on life insurance policies is nine hundred millions (\$900,000,000), and that the beneficiaries, mostly young and dependent families, are receiving in all upwards of seven millions annually; while in regard to other departments of insurance, the fire companies and marine companies of America insure more than three thousand millions of dollars (\$3,000,000,000), representing altogether about \$4,000,000,000, which is one-fourth the sum of the national wealth as given in the census of 1860.

These facts are amply sufficient to show the lofty and important position to which the business of insurance

has now attained—a position that imparts to it an intimate connection with and influence over all the commercial and manufacturing interests of the country, and, in fact, over everything, public or private, into which money enters—and into what does it not enter?—so that, in fact, the "national welfare" referred to in the Constitution is inextricably intertwined with the vast and wide-stretching net-work of insurance. To such an extent is this the case that any injury to the cause, whether arising from bad management within or from active hostility without, must, more or less, be an injury to the country at large, while the actual downfall and death of the one could only happen simultaneously with that of the other:

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls, the world!"

It follows as a direct consequence that the wise and equitable management of all insurance offices, in all parts of these United States, becomes a matter of *very high national importance*, and imperatively demands at the hands of the government—that is, of the PEOPLE—such care and protection as may effectively guard it alike from the errors of mistaken friends and the assaults of open enemies.

Has it thus far received such care and protection? And is the working of the system throughout the several states so fair, equitable, and satisfactory as to afford full opportunities for developing and extending all the vast benefits of insurance alike to the insurers and the insured? Far from it. Narrow, rival legislation, in various states, originating in a very mistaken view of self-interest, cramps, confines, and obstructs its progress, and really inflicts serious injury, instead of conferring a benefit, on those whom it pretends to foster and protect.

There are two things essential to the thorough development and success of insurance, both of which are dangerously and destructively interfered with by this narrow state legislation to which we refer; the one is to spread insurances over the *greatest possible area*, the other to secure a uniformity of system. A formidable obstacle to the former exists in the diverse and oppressive legislation of many states, especially in regard to *deposits*. To select a few examples out of many: the laws of Pennsylvania require that each foreign (*i. e.*, of another state) company shall pay an annual state license of \$600 and appoint a state agent, to whom all other agents in that state must report the amount of their premiums, on which he must pay a tax of three per cent.

The state tax in Louisiana is \$1,000, besides which in New Orleans an additional city tax of \$2,000 is exacted, while a certain percentage on premiums is appropriated to the bonds of the Opelousas Railroad.

Looking to the West, Wisconsin requires a deposit of \$5,000 and upwards, according to the amount of premium receipts, to be made in her own bonds, and the deposit to be increased from year to year,* while, to crown all, California demands of fire companies a deposit of \$75,000 in gold! There are many other vexatious burdens laid upon the insurance business, but we notice this of the *deposit system* as one of the most serious, most unfair, and most urgently demanding reform. No such obstacles are thrown in the way of commercial or other enterprises, but "a fair field and no favor" is afforded to manufacturing, telegraph, express companies, and many, in fact *all*, others, so far as we remember.

Now, the Constitution of these states emphatically declares that "the citizens of each state shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the other states;" but the narrow and hostile legislation referred to runs directly counter to that declaration, and is alike unwise, unconstitutional, and unchristian! So far from producing the benefits expected, except to a *few individuals in each state* and these *not the insured*, whose benefit and protection ought to be the first consideration, it injures these by increasing the rates of insurance, while it encourages monopoly, cripples and confines the laudable and legitimate efforts of business, and in every way exercises an evil influence over the interests of the people of the state, whose wise (?) legislators have advocated and promoted its enactments.

The evils of this deposit system cannot be too strongly deprecated, and the rather since it is sure to increase and spread, instead of diminishing, because when it is adopted by some states the example is speedily followed by others in a spirit of what may appear to them self-defense, but is in reality retaliation. The result in the end will inevitably be that companies must select the three or four states in which they will seek to do business, because the making of deposits in all would swallow up their capital, and cripple or consume their means of meeting their fair liabilities. And thus the field of insurance operations is, and will be more and more, narrowed, whereas its full

* This law has lately been repealed.

development and success demand as wide an area as possible. The insurance system, like a majestic man-of-war in a stormy sea, requires a wide berth and a good offing.

The smaller the area, the greater risk to the company, whether life or fire. It is familiar to all that some fatal disease will often spread desolation and death over certain comparatively narrow districts, while those beyond may escape scot free; so also with fires in large towns or cities. Companies (and there are many such) that accept large risks of this kind may be severely injured, if not ruined, by a single conflagration; whereas were the business of such companies spread over the vast area of all or many of the states, with their variety of climate and of circumstances, the losses suffered in one part would be balanced by the gains or non-losses in another.

Moreover, by extending the business over wide areas, a great benefit is conferred upon insurers, because the cost of insurance is reduced, a general knowledge of the real and rightful cost is diffused abroad, and thus excessive charges, whether arising from ignorance or knavery, are checked. Again, the expenses of the business by no means increase in proportion to its own increase. Certain, and these pretty heavy, expenses must be incurred by all, so that it does not involve by any means a proportionate increase of expense to conduct an annual business of two millions beyond one of a quarter of a million, very much on Mr. Squeers's calculation (of Dotheboys Hall celebrity), "all beyond twelve I reckon clear profit." Further it is of vital importance to the *insured* (who, we repeat, are entitled to the first consideration) that the funds of the company should be in a strong and healthy state, so as to be able to meet any sudden and unforeseen demand. But this deposit system diminishes and depletes them very much as, under the old-school system of medicine, excessive bleeding so weakened the patient that he was apt to fall a ready victim to the next assault of disease.

We are not raising any objection against deposits either in the state where the company is located, or with some United States government officer to be appointed; what we do object to, as in every way unfair, unwise, unjust, and adverse to the best interests of all concerned, is this arbitrary, diverse, co-existent system of deposits, varying from a thousand to seventy-five thousand dollars in various states, and swallowing up or rendering, so to say, unavailable for a series of years a very large portion of the company's capital, depleting the life-blood of the patient!

Uniformity of legislation on this and certain other points is absolutely required, if the insurance business is to be allowed a fair field of exertion and development; and it is manifestly vain to expect anything of the kind from the individual and separate action of the state legislatures. It can and will only be accomplished by Congress and the national government. We are no advocates for centralization, or any improper interference with state rights; but we have shown that this is a matter of national, not of mere local or state, interest. The very amounts involved—the figures representing the present amount of insurance business—emphatically demonstrate this. Such being the case, it is futile and fatuous, or worse, to deny that to a certain extent, within certain *well defined and well guarded limits*, the central government is quite as much entitled to exercise a superintendence and surveillance over this important national interest, for the good of the United States collectively and the people of those states, as it has recently assumed, with universal approbation, over the banking system of the entire country.

If a "National Bureau," or central government department, should give offense or cause alarm, it would be easy for Congress to accomplish the same object in another, perhaps less offensive, form. To our mind it is quite clear that Congress not only has a full and undoubted constitutional right to legislate in this matter, but that it owes it as a duty to the country to do so.

The Constitution says: "The Congress shall have power to regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several states, and with the Indian tribes." It has been fully demonstrated that the term *commerce*, as used in this passage, is not limited to the mere buying and selling of merchandise and other commodities, but that it comprehends the entire commercial intercourse with foreign nations, and among the several states. And so it has been understood and interpreted by many of the ablest statesmen and constitutional lawyers that America has ever known. It will be well to keep in mind the other passage from the Constitution previously quoted: "The citizens of every state shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens of the several states." President Johnson, in his message of December 5, 1865, has these remarks, forcibly pertinent to our argument: "The Constitution confers on Congress the

right to regulate commerce among the several states. It is of the first necessity, for the maintenance of the Union, that that commerce should be free and unobstructed.

It is plain that every obstacle to the free circulation of commerce between the states ought to be sternly guarded against, by appropriate legislation, within the limits of the Constitution."

Now, the narrow and one-sided legislation of the separate states is the very *fons et origo*—"the fountain-head and source"—or, rather, the nurse and foster-mother, of monopoly, than which there neither is nor can be any more formidable barrier and obstacle to the principles and precepts of the Constitution just now cited. The illustrious Webster constantly supported those just and liberal principles of the Constitution. "We have foreign commerce (said that great orator and statesman, in his speech in the Senate, May 25, 1836), and we have internal commerce; and the power and the duty also of regulating, protecting, aiding, and fostering both is given in the same words. For one, therefore, sir, I look to the magnitude of the object, and not to its locality. I ask not whether it be east or west of the mountains. There are no Alleghanies in my politics." And again, on the 28th of September, 1837, when speaking on the currency question: "There is another power granted to Congress which seems to me to apply to this case directly and irresistibly, and that is the commercial power. The Constitution declares that Congress shall have power to regulate commerce not only with foreign nations, but between the states. This is a full and complete grant, and must include authority over everything which is part of commerce or essential to commerce. And is not money essential to commerce?" etc., etc. Now, what sensible, impartial person can look at the facts and figures we have quoted in regard to the immense moneyed interests and transactions and influence upon the welfare of the nation as well as of individuals and communities without plainly perceiving that the arguments which Webster brought to bear on the money question now apply with equal force and pertinence to that of insurance. It is needless to multiply quotations or authorities; suffice it to say that many other distinguished American jurists, such as Chief Justice Samuel Jones, George Wood, and William C. Noyes, have given their professional opinions that under art. 4, sec. 2 of the Constitution of the United States one state of the Union cannot impose any taxes, restrictions, or burdens on the insurance corporations of sister states which are not also equally imposed on the home or domestic companies of such state; and that the fundamental and supreme law of the land, providing that the citizens of each state shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several states, is applicable as well to corporations, or artificial persons, as to citizens, or natural persons. It has been well and ably argued by Mr. C. C. Hine, of the International Company, in a pamphlet recently published by him as secretary of the "committee of thirteen," that, "in order to give insurance corporations an adequate field for legitimate future growth and expansion, the utmost freedom consistent with soundness and safety should prevail in permitting the corporations of one state to transact business in any other state of the Union. The deposit law of the state of Tennessee was passed on the 29th day of March, 1860, a few months before her secession from the Union; the deposits became greatly depreciated in value, and the state officers have also absconded with the stocks. As a preliminary step to contemplated secession, this legislation was in entire harmony with other treacherous schemes. Such laws are necessarily inimical to the old Union, and to that free and unrestricted commercial intercourse between the states which should always be fostered and encouraged by every true friend of the Republic. The business traffic and social intercourse between the states on the suppression of the rebellion, unless embarrassed by non-intercourse laws, will exceed all former precedent. The stream of travel will cross the continent in all directions, not running, as formerly, mainly on the parallels of latitude. Insurance companies should be allowed the same freedom. The tax-gatherer and custom-house official should not, as in the lesser kingdoms of Europe, be located on every state line, with extortionate demands and levies on American companies, incorrectly and improperly styled 'foreign' corporations.

"By giving all insurance companies a fair field for business and competition through all the states of the Union, subject, however, to the most rigid system of personal inspection and examination, and annual statements of their condition and affairs, the rates of premium will be kept down to the lowest possible standard of safety, and those companies which best subserve and protect the public interests, wherever located, will obtain, as they always should, the largest and most extensive patronage. State insurance monopolies will always enhance pre-

miums and lessen security in any great conflagration. Whatever may be thought of free trade, as between foreign nations, there cannot surely be any doubt that free trade from the Atlantic to the Pacific should be the established rule of legislative policy throughout the republic. The miner of Colorado, Nevada, and California will not and should not leave his mines of silver and gold to organize an insurance company, where the margin of profits is small and where a score of years is needed to build up an established and steady business. The regenerated cotton-planter of the Mississippi, the Sea Islands, and the Gulf States, when his broad acres are blessed with the whiteness of blossoming beauty, will not leave the wealth and riches spread out before him with each returning spring for the dark office of the underwriter, where only the sacrifice and devotion of a lifetime, even under favorable auspices, can obtain a marked success and prosperity. It is natural, and not to be deprecated, that the older states—where the avenues to immediate and sudden wealth are less numerous, and where capital has been accumulating for many years, and old companies are reaping the fruits of long experience—should assume a leading position in all departments of underwriting. This natural and necessary sequence affords no just ground for jealousy or envy in the younger states, or for the erection of Chinese walls of seclusion and non-intercourse. In the fullness of time, if other financial schemes do not afford superior inducements, domestic and home insurance companies will be organized to the full satisfaction of the people in all the states, and sound companies from any state of the Union are now freely welcomed and admitted into this state, on the same basis, as far as practicable, with our own companies."

In reference to this last paragraph of Mr. Hine's, we would observe that a great oversight or error seems to have been made by the jealous opponents in the various states of the old state companies, apparently under the impression that all the money invested in insurance by the former in the latter was so much capital withdrawn from and lost to those younger and less populous states, forgetting the fact that such investments, so far from being in the nature of a tax or of lost capital, are eventually returned to the insurers or their representatives, and that, too, with most liberal interest. And now briefly to sum up the tenor of our remarks, which have been prompted by no other motive than an honest and earnest desire for the welfare of these United States at large—for, as is well known, we eschew all sectional prejudices—we have shown: 1st, That the insurance business has attained a magnitude and financial greatness which render it a matter of the very highest national importance, and a due regard for the welfare of our common country, untrammelled by any narrow state limits or local jealousies and rivalries, demands that every just and proper means should be adopted to afford it a field of free extension and development. 2d, That, in the present state of affairs, such extension and development is materially and most injuriously interfered with and obstructed by the narrow and jealous legislation of many states, from whose own action it is plain no remedy can be expected. 3d, Therefore, that the establishment of a national bureau of insurance for all the states, or equal and impartial legislation by the one supreme authority of Congress, is imperatively called for as the only probable or possible remedy for these evils, and the only possible means for securing and developing this inestimable national benefit and blessing; and, 4th and lastly, that, in the opinion of many of the ablest and wisest statesmen of America, such interference and legislation by Congress is not only warranted by the Constitution as a right, but imposed upon it, under the circumstances, as an act of the most serious and solemn duty.

BENEFICENCE: A CHRISTMAS HOMILY.

BY GEORGE WASHINGTON MOON, F.R.S.L.

GOD is the great Giver. Beneficence is the chief characteristic of his nature. "He daily loadeth us with benefits." "He giveth us richly all things to enjoy;" and every gift speaks to us with loving voice, and says, "Freely ye have received; freely give."

To give is God-like, if we give as he gives, lovingly. All his gifts are evidences of his love; and if he asks for any return; if he says, "My son, give me thy heart," he asks for that heart only that he may more fully bless it and make it happy by making it more largely partake of the divine nature, love.

Now, love must have an object. Power may exist and not be put forth; wisdom may exist and not be communicated; but love must outpour itself; and this outpouring of the heart constitutes the happiness of not only all created beings, but of God himself. He delighteth in mercy. Lock up the treasures of your heart, live within

yourself and for yourself, and you will be wretched wherever you may be. Throw wide open the arms of your affections and you will be beloved by God and by man. Love is the blossoming of the tree of life; avarice, the canker at its root. Love is the atmosphere of heaven, the essence of the very being of the unfallen, and the light from the throne of the Most High in which the blessed bask for ever. Love is the one bright memorial of that happy time which our first parents spent in Eden, and is the foretaste of that joy which awaits man in the Paradise to come.

Love had its origin in the being of God. It is that impress of the divine nature which was stamped upon the soul at creation when God said, "Let us make man in our image after our likeness;" and "in the image of God made he him." To preserve this love of the heart pure and untainted by selfishness, or to seek for the restoration of the divine likeness when it has been defaced, is the great object of life.

To love is the one duty comprehending all others. The first of all the commandments is this, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart;" and the second is, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Self-love, then, is God's standard for brotherly love. We may increase our self-love if we will; but we may not destroy the proportion between our self-love and our brotherly love. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." What, then, is self-love? With the merchant, it is often a passion so absorbing that from early morn until late at night he devotes all his energies to meet its requirements; and fatigue, discomfort, and anxiety are to him as nothing if success will only crown his labors. Let such a one ask himself, Do I so love my neighbor that I would toil early and late that I might be able to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and shelter the homeless? With the man of letters, self-love is the ever-active principle prompting to diligence in study for the attainment of a name among the learned; and so assiduously does he pursue the fascinating object of his ambition that, long after the midnight hour has struck, he may be found delving in the mine of thought for new ideas upon which to pedestal his fame. Let the student ask himself, Am I as jealous for my neighbor's reputation as for my own? With the man of leisure and affluence, self-love is a whispering voice urging his restless spirit to seek for enjoyment in constant change of scene and in the exciting incidents of travel; and, crossing seas, he journeys over continents, pierces trackless deserts, ascends earth's giant mountains, and inhales the fierce hot breath of the volcano in pursuit of it. Let the man of wealth ask himself, If I would do thus much for my own gratification, can I be said to love my neighbor as myself if, for his comfort, I am reluctant, in the hour of need, to leave my own fireside, wend my way through narrow streets by night, and, entering the abode of wretchedness, breathe in the sick man's garret the infected atmosphere of fever, in ministering to his wants, condoling with him in his sufferings, and speaking in his ear the gentle words of sympathy and hope?

Self-love never dies. We love ourselves at all times and under all circumstances—in youth, in manhood, and in old age, in affluence and in poverty, in sickness and in the robust buoyancy of health. So should we love our neighbor. In his youth we should love him, for the youthful heart is loving and looks for love in return; in his manhood we should love him, for the cares of life weigh down the spirit and only love can raise it; and in his old age, I need not say, we should love him, for who could do otherwise? Yet, if there be some with whom argument is necessary, let them consider the many anxieties the aged have known, the trials they have endured, the afflictions they have suffered, the unkindnesses they have met with, the hopes they have had blighted, the bereavements it has been theirs to encounter, and the many sorrows which in a lengthened life must have fallen to their lot, and the most callous heart will be melted into pity and, may I not say, into love?

The affluent should have a place in our affections, for, though they are surrounded by the luxuries of life, their hearts are no happier than others. They have more cares, greater responsibilities, and fewer faithful advisers. The poor, too, should be loved. Poverty in our own lot is no barrier to self-love; why should poverty in our neighbor's lot prevent our loving him? The poor have need of our sympathy to console them, for the trials of poverty are great; they have need of our words to cheer them, for they often are sorrowful-hearted; they have need of our kindly aid, and blessed is he who gives.

God wills the existence of the different conditions of men upon the earth. "The Lord maketh poor, and maketh rich; he bringeth low, and lifteth up;" and he has said, "The poor shall never cease out of the land." Now, as God never creates without providing for all contingencies incident to the condition of that which he cre-

ates—as “he opens his hand and satisfieth the desire of every living thing”—what is the provision that he has made for the support of the poor? He has made the rich to be his stewards, and has said, “Use hospitality one towards another without grudging. As every man has received the gifts, even so minister the same, one to another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God.” “Be ye kind one to another.” “Bear ye one another’s burdens.”

We take too narrow a view of God’s government of the world. We do not believe, as we ought, in the *oneness* of the interests of mankind. We look upon our neighbor’s interests as inimical to our own; hence arise envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. Yet, surely, if the universe has been created and is governed in the whole, and consequently in its parts, by the one Great Spirit whose name is Love—if every individual existence has been given and is sustained by him to whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid, and who is “no respecter of persons,” but is one whose “tender mercies are over all his works”—then there can be no incredulity more unfounded, nor any that is more subversive of the happiness of mankind. Whether we will believe it or not, it must, from the nature of the Great Author of all, be incontestably true that the interests of the whole human family are in harmony. “His ways are perfect.” The real welfare of no two persons can by any possibility clash. If it is to the interest of the poor that they should be assisted, it is to the interest of the rich that they should render to the poor the assistance they need. Deny this, and you at once introduce into your teaching concerning the government of the good God an element of discord which is as dishonoring to him as it is ruinous to your own peace.

(To be continued in our next.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editors of THE ROUND TABLE, desirous of encouraging bold and free discussion, do not exact of their correspondents an agreement with their own views; they, therefore, beg to state that they do not hold themselves responsible for what appears under this heading, as they do for the editorial expression of their opinions.

LONDON.

LONDON, December 1, 1866.

THE great libel case of Dr. Hunter against *The Pall Mall Gazette* has filled the columns of our newspapers for nearly the entire week, to the great advantage of the legal gentlemen *pro* and *con.*, whose united bills, when they come to be sent in, will probably not fall far short of £6,000 sterling. All this is about the question of whether a newspaper produced every afternoon for the amusement of our upper classes has the right to call a medical man a quack, an impostor, a ravisher, and a scoundrel, because he has been brought by a lady into a police court on a charge which has since been shown to the satisfaction of the most prejudiced to have been a pure fabrication. The purveyors of amusing scandal who did not care to delay the publication of their censures until the doctor had obtained a hearing, employed their own clever contributor, Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, Q.C., and two other eminent barristers, to go into court and defend a right so essential to the proper discharge of their functions as caterers for the amusement of the fashionable world. Pursues on both sides happened to be long, and Mr. Coleridge, Q.C. and M.P., who stands at the very head of his profession, and two other great men as his juniors, were retained for Dr. Hunter. Plaintiff and his medical witnesses swore that they did not believe in cod-liver oil, but had unbounded faith in oxygen gas; defendant and his witnesses swore equally hard that they did believe in cod-liver oil, and looked upon oxygen gas as worse than useless. All the orthodoxy on this point was on the side of *The Pall Mall*; all the heterodoxy on that of Dr. Hunter. And then the defense proved that Dr. Hunter was in the habit of putting “M.D.” after his name, although he was “only an M.D. of the University of New York,” instead of being an M.D. of our own sacred colleges; a thing not only improper but illegal, for have I not told you how our medical trades-unionists, more fortunate than their mechanic fellow-citizens, contrive to get the legislature to back them. Finally, the defendants proved that Dr. Hunter was in the habit of violating “professional etiquette” by publishing a pamphlet of his in the newspapers, and paying the proprietors to insert it in article type, and with only the equivocal word “communicated” at the top, instead of the word “advertisement,” which is the customary way here of warning the reader that the article is not inserted as a matter of public interest, but to serve some private purpose of the writer. Such a course is undoubtedly unusual; and the journals which inserted the letters

were probably only induced to adopt it by extraordinary fees. I can only say, of my own knowledge, that *The Daily News* indignantly refused a check for three hundred guineas offered by an advertising agent to insert the letters in a form which that journal considered would be a sort of deception practiced upon their readers.

I am not, indeed, defending Dr. Hunter. It is quite possible that his pamphlet (which I suppose is pretty well known on your side) did frighten a great many people into the belief that they were suffering from consumption of the lungs, and that their only chance of life was to go to the writer and inhale oxygen gas. It is equally possible that he found direct appeals of this kind more lucrative than the publication of a work addressed to the medical world. The eight hundred pounds’ worth of drugs supplied to him (at wholesale prices, I presume) in one year by a single firm, seems, it must be confessed, to confirm this view. But how was the unfortunate jury to be satisfied of all this? I recollect that Mr. Mill, in a note to one of his books, speaks of the evidence commonly brought forward by interested relatives to prove a man to be insane who happens to differ from his neighbors, as “something both contemptible and frightful;” but what shall we say of the professional tyrants who were for outlawing Dr. Hunter because he refused to join in the worship of cod-liver oil? “Orthodoxy,” said some famous churchman, whose name I have forgotten, “is my doxy; and heterodoxy is another man’s doxy;” but these gentlemen will have but one doxy for all. It is about ninety years since a medical club, of which Jenner was a member, denounced the whole topic of vaccination as a nuisance, and threatened to expel its author if he continued to harass them with his importunate discourses upon his favorite notion. Any *Pall Mall Gazette* of that day might, of course, have brought the whole profession (minus Jenner) to swear that there was no such thing as vaccination practiced at their school. How were twelve simple citizens to know whether Dr. Hunter is not a Jenner, as some of his patients evidently fancy him, or an impostor and a quack, as *The Pall Mall* and the genuine cis-Atlantic doctors unite in declaring him? On the other hand, as to the cloud of witnesses who came forward and declared their belief in Dr. Hunter, because, as the stammering negro in the story said, “he cured me,” what could a poor jury, anxious to be done with it and go home, possibly make of them? The theory of *The Pall Mall* was that Dr. Hunter frightened ignorant folks into the belief that they were consumptive, and then took money and credit to himself for curing them. Hunter has, of course, abundance of testimonials. So has every great doctor; and so, as the newspapers show, has every quack. But he brings witnesses in the flesh. Enthusiastic gentlemen and gushing lady patients swear that the doctor is no impostor or quack. When asked how they know that, they reply that he cured them of tubercles on the lungs. When asked how they knew they had tubercles on the lungs, they must reply that Dr. Hunter told them so; and if they had been further asked how they knew that he had told truth, they have, of course, no answer but that to suppose the contrary would be inconsistent with their opinion that the doctor was “not an impostor or a quack.” Yet this is the kind of evidence which has occupied judge and jury for five entire days. I suppose the case will end this afternoon by the award of substantial damages to this now famous “M.D. of the University of New York and licentiate of the Medical Board of that city.” Nor need any friend of the liberty of the press be grieved for the result. For *The Pall Mall Gazette* might have reviewed the doctor’s pamphlet as sharply as it pleased; it might have explained for the benefit of the ignorant the doctor’s mode of addressing the public; unfolded generally the peculiarities of his professional system, and even give a pretty good hint of its opinion thereon, without a chance of the doctor recovering a shilling. But *The Pall Mall* readers require a different sort of thing to this; and occasional heavy damages must, I presume, be reckoned among what the economists call “the necessary costs of production” in that particular branch of industry.

People who are interested in the cause of honest, outspoken, dramatic criticism here were surprised and delighted last Wednesday to read in *The Times* John Oxenford’s severe remarks—a whole column long—upon a new piece produced at the Adelphi Theater, with the title of *A Sister’s Penance*. Nobody is a better judge of a play; no one better read in dramatic literature, history, and criticism than John Oxenford; but, unfortunately, that gentleman is a great “adapter” of plays from the French, and is consequently afflicted with that excessive tenderness towards managers and actors which I have shown to be the common concomitant of that position. The new piece is not only a “new” but an “original”

drama. It is the joint production of Mr. Tom Taylor and Mr. A. W. Dubourg; and is founded upon a story written by the latter for Mr. Dickens’s *All the Year Round*. Mr. Tom Taylor, who holds a government appointment in the Board of Health, devotes his spare time—and “spare time” is not a rare thing in our public offices—to dramatic literature, art criticism, and book-making in general. Mr. Dubourg is also a government servant, having a quiet shelter in the War Office. He, too, employs spare time in literary labor, as indeed do Mr. Anthony Trollope and Mr. Yates, who are in the Post-office; and Mr. John Forster and Barry Cornwall, who are in the Lunacy Commission; and as Mr. James Hannay will doubtless do when settled down in his post of her Majesty’s consul at Dunkirk. Any way, Messrs. Taylor and Dubourg found time on this occasion to construct a piece not adapted from the French, which was produced by Mr. Benjamin Webster, with the usual dingy scenery, at the Adelphi, last Monday. This was the drama which produced the sharpest column of dramatic criticism which has appeared in our *Times* for these ten years. The fact was the more remarkable from Mr. Tom Taylor being a fellow-contributor with Oxenford to that journal—the writer, in fact, of all its critiques on art and art exhibitions, besides occasional articles. Here was an auspicious beginning to the new fashion of speaking out; a case of Spartan virtue; of heroic self-sacrifice upon the shrine of truth. So, at least, some think; but the truth must be told. Mr. Tom Taylor is one of those who think that writers of dramatic criticisms ought not to sell translations and adaptations to the managers; and he loses no opportunity of saying so in *Punch*, *The Pall Mall Gazette*, *The Reader*, and other of his organs. Oxenford, like “Scrub,” in the *Beaux Strategem*, not unnaturally says, “It’s me they mean!” Such attacks upon a brother contributor to *The Times* are regarded as contrary to the *esprit de corps*, and to be resented by war to the knife. Mr. Taylor, who has long taken a literary and artistic interest in Miss Kate Terry, a clever but slightly overrated actress of limited physical powers, had designed his piece chiefly for the display of that lady’s talents, and had set his heart upon its success. He will probably be disappointed, and *voilà pourquoi*.

I dare say some of my readers have met with an old novel called *Craddock Nowell*, which has been recently republished by Messrs Macmillan & Co. from their well-known magazine. Though not altogether devoid of merit, the style is so eccentric that it has been a marvel how it ever obtained a place in a first-rate periodical. The hero is represented as falling among persecutors whom the author calls “Railway Baguli” and “London Allantopole,” and he talks of the “stigmatism of his position,” the “bidental of his destiny,” and of a “trite-megistic blow.” As for a rhetorical flow of prose, not to speak of other beauties, what would Doctor Blair or Professor Whately have said to the following?

“All of us who have a home (and unless we leave our hearts there whenever we go away we have no home at all), all of us who have a hole in this shifting, sandy world—the sand as of an hour-glass, but whence we have spun such a rope as the devil can neither make nor break—I mean to say, we, all who love, without any hems and haws and rubbish, those who are only our future tense (formed from the present by adding “so”)—all of us who are lucky enough, I believe we may say good enough, to want no temporal augment from the prefix of society, only to cling upon the tree to the second arbor of our children, wherein the root of the man lurks, the grand indefinite so anomalous; all these fellows will be glad to hear that Rufus Hutton had a jolly ride.”

And yet *Craddock Nowell* was not “declined with thanks,” but duly published for the entertainment of the learned Cambridge folks and the refined readers of *Macmillan*. In fact, notwithstanding its eccentricities, it has some merits. Its author, R. Doddridge Blackmore, is simply a self-educated market gardener, who has studied Greek and Latin somewhat to the neglect of his English. He published anonymously, three or four years ago, a translation of Virgil’s *Georgics*, entitled *The Farm and Fruit of Old, by a Market Gardener*, which attracted attention for its graceful and easy management of the heroic couplet, and its pretty and fanciful preface in verse. The “Market Gardener” was regarded generally as a mere *nom de plume*, but it was strictly correct. Blackmore’s next attempt was a wild, visionary, mystical story called *Clara Vaughan*, which struck so much Mr. Macmillan, to whom it was offered in manuscript, that he determined to publish it. If he could induce his protégé, who understands pruning very well, to lop off his redundancies of style, our “Market Gardener” may yet become a successful story writer.

I hope Mr. Peabody’s splendid munificence may do more substantial good on your side than it has done here. The immense sum—a quarter of a million sterling

—so generously given by him for the benefit of the poorer classes of this city in which he has lived so long, has, I am sorry to say, been spent in a way which has not and never will contribute in the slightest degree to raise or improve the unfortunate people for whom he intended it. All this is not Mr. Peabody's fault. He modestly left to others, whom he assumed to be more competent than himself, the task of determining the precise way in which his benevolence should take shape. It was the letters of Mr. Thomas Hare in *The Times*—afterwards reprinted with the title of *Usque ad Cælum; or, Thoughts on the Dwellings of the People*—which finally influenced the minds of the trustees, who have spent all the funds hitherto appropriated in erecting immense blocks of buildings to be let out in floors or flats to the humbler classes. All this was on the assumption that the decent, deserving poor could not get clean and comfortable lodging except at exorbitant rents. All this was a complete mistake. The exorbitant rents are simply the price paid by the dirty and disorderly for being ineligible tenants. The notion that very poor people's landlords get an immense interest for their outlay is a mere popular error; their rents are high because the wear and tear of their dwellings is considerable, and the collection of their rent difficult and disagreeable. People of clean habits and good character can always get lodgings at a rent which pays a fair interest to the landlord. Competition, as every dabbler in political economy knows, must secure this. What was wanted was some means of raising the standard of comfort and decency among the poor. The rest would follow as a matter of course. But our Peabody trustees have begun at the wrong end. They built clean and comfortable dwellings which would not be clean and comfortable long if they took the class of tenants who pay exorbitant rents; but they do not, indeed they cannot. They carefully select their lodgers, inquire into character, and subject them to rules, some of which are felt even by their select and well-conducted tenants to be irksome, and only endurable for the sake of a trifling advantage in rent. The poorest and most helpless class remain just where they were. I am sorry to take this view, but it is a true one. Schools and free libraries may do much, but to supply clean lodgings before you have created any effective demand for them is a mistake.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon's *New America* will be published the first week in January, in two volumes. It will give you a good deal of details of Mormon domestic life, and show you how Mr. Dixon nursed Mormon children and took Mormon ladies down to dinner very much as we do in these civilized monogamist communities, but whether he will deal tenderly with their "peculiar institution," or will join in the cry of "no toleration" for polygamy, I will not venture to guess. Q.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: In these times, so fertile in literary productions of questionable merit and morality, it is with inexpressible relief that we turn from the sensuous pages of Swinburne and Story to those of another full of the spirit of beautiful poetry and alive with the breathings of pure and noble thoughts. We would, through the medium of your columns, direct the attention of the educated classes to, and if possible arouse their interest in, a great and gifted poet who but a short time since departed from among us. We entertain some hopes that the contemplation of his life and the study of his poems may prove a corrective of the vitiated tastes and feelings that seem to have almost completely perverted the literary judgments and opinions of the present age.

But a little more than five years have elapsed since Arthur Hugh Clough, the poet and scholar, was laid in his last resting-place. He lies not far from the graves of Walter Savage Landor and Mrs. Barrett Browning, under the mournful cypress-trees near Florence, a spot, it has been said, "second only in beauty and interest to Shelley's grave beneath the walls of Rome." He sleeps in illustrious company, and his name is already wedded to fame. Though it may seem to many a late hour for us to speak of him now, yet we would fain bring this our first offering to the memory of his great and good genius, for it is as fresh in our minds to-day as when we first lingered with rapt delight over the pages of his *Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich*. It is of his genius rather than of his life and person we would speak, although it is almost impossible to criticise the former without reflecting upon the latter, so strangely were the qualities of the one mingled with the character of the other. His mind began to develop very early in life, and frequently gave signs of that depth and purity of thought and feeling which, un-

der the care and influence of a tender and loving but stern and dutiful mother, gradually ripened and expanded into those grand and beautiful ideas that stamped with immortality the productions of his mature years. But this precocity of mental development was accompanied, unfortunately, by a premature and excessive morbidity of spirit that vitiated in a great degree the moral part of his character. It very seriously impaired his health both of mind and body, while it was aggravated rather than diminished by the teachings and influence of Dr. Arnold, in his school at Rugby; so that by the time he had attained the age of manhood it had become so infused into his whole being and nature as to form a part of his life and character. As a consequence of this unhealthy moral condition, there was begotten in him a spirit of scrupulous and conscientious speculation that beguiled him into an inextricable maze of dangerous discussion, and eventually left him almost helpless, with his mind wandering

—"through strange seas of thought, alone."

His condition at this time is fully and faithfully described in his own words, when he wrote:

"Like a child
In some strange garden left awhile alone,
I pace about the pathways of the world,
Plucking light hopes and joys from every stem,
With qualms of vague mis-giving in my hear.
That payment at the last will be required—
Payment I cannot make, or guilt incurred,
And shame to be endured."

It was unfortunate for him to have been born in an age when skepticism and tractarianism convulsed the religious world; whereas had he lived in a time of settled beliefs and opinions, he would have escaped the severe ordeal through which, on account of his nature and disposition, he failed to pass unscathed, like some of his illustrious cotemporaries. Consequently the time and thought that should have been devoted to the cultivation and perfection of his fine genius were wasted in idle conjecture and unprofitable speculation. "His own thoughts corroded the intellect that gave them birth, and the best powers of his nature were left to prey upon themselves." But it must not be too hastily inferred that, on account of this apparent weakness of the man, the life of Arthur H. Clough was an aimless or useless one. Listen to the grand promptings of his muse:

"Think not the living years forget.
Ages of heroes fought and fell
That Homer in the end might tell:
O'er groveling generations past
Upstood the Doric fane at last:
And countless hearts on countless years
Had wasted thoughts, and hopes, and fears,
Rude laughter and unmeaning tears,
Ere England Shakespeare saw, or Rome
The pure perfection of her dome.
Others, I doubt not, if not we,
The issue of our tolls shall see;
Young children gather as their own
The harvest that the dead have sown,
The dead forgotten and unknown."

The perplexities of his mind in some degree precluded him from prosecuting and perfecting any one grand and comprehensive design he may have contemplated during his lifetime, yet they did not prevent him from conscientiously performing every duty, pleasant or unpleasant, that devolved upon him. Although continually harassed and tormented by a multitude of moral and religious doubts and opinions, and repeatedly lost amid the thousand and one questions and queries that flow from the discussion of the Thirty-nine Articles, yet he never faltered in the faith that rested on God and truth, while he ever clung to the conviction that he had a great duty to perform, the good or bad results of which were to be determined by his own choice and conduct.

An Englishman by birth and education, but an American in spirit and principle, he united the scholarship and refinement of the one to the liberal sentiments and independence of the other. He was entirely free from the hereditary prejudices that beset so many of his countrymen and prevent them from understanding and appreciating the thoughts, habits, and opinions of their estranged and refractory cousins. When Clough came to America he found little difficulty in discovering the character of a people whose peculiar intellectual qualities so completely harmonized with his own. After a residence of less than a year among us, he, drawn by the importunities of his friends at home, returned to his native country, with many regrets, leaving behind him a name that will not soon die. He has bequeathed to all lovers of that poetry which is the expression of pure, noble, and beautiful ideas a legacy they cannot too much prize and cherish.

In perusing the poems of Clough we are immediately conscious of the presence and power of that indefinable thing called genius, which our worthy countryman Mr. Lowell had the sagacity to discover soon after his death. His verses are not tainted, as some would expect, like

those of Kirke White, with the fitful fancies of a morbid melancholy or the complainings of a mournful muse, but aglow with the grand and beautiful thoughts of a pure and vigorous mind, while over all there gleams, like the shimmer of the autumn moon, the mellow light of a chaste and fairy-like imagination. The following lines will sufficiently illustrate:

"If, when in cheerless wanderings, dull and cold,
A sense of human kindness hath found us,
We seem to have around us
An atmosphere of gold,
'Mid darkest shades a halo rich of shine,
An element, that, while the bleak wind bloweth,
On the rich heart bestoweth
Imbreathed draughts of wine."

But we must not pass without notice the vein of quiet humor and mild sarcasm that crops out very frequently in his longer poems, lending to them a point and piquancy that never fail to charm and refresh you. His four principal poems were localized by the scenes and associations amid which they were written. *The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich* was written, we believe, in Scotland; the *Amours de Voyage* at Rome; the *Dippyghus* at Venice; and *Easter Day* at Naples; all displaying the nobleness of mind and greatness of soul that marked him as a true poet. In his ardent love of nature, of which the *Bothie* is the truest and fullest expression, he resembles Chaucer and Wordsworth, and from the latter, it has been remarked, he was lineally descended in the literary family. As a poet Clough lacked the facility of expression and profusion of word and metaphor that characterized the genius of Keats, Shelley, and our cotemporary Swinburne, yet he fully compensated by a force and directness that quickened and impressed more than they charmed and bewildered.

We could quote, if space were given, quite a number of passages of great power and beauty in which can be discerned his admirable faculty of clearly and boldly seizing an idea and, by a brief and felicitous turn of expression, molding it in language we cannot easily forget. It is this especially that distinguishes him as a poet, as this one line will prove:

"Michael Angelo's dome, that hung the Pantheon in heaven,"

We must hasten to close; and we cannot make our epistolary *congé* in a more appropriate manner than by quoting the language and opinion of one of Clough's chief admirers, Mr. Matthew Arnold:

"In the study of art, poetry, or philosophy, he had the most undivided and disinterested love for his object in itself; the greatest aversion to mixing up with anything accidental or personal. His interest was in literature itself; and it was this which gave so rare a stamp to his character, which kept him so free from all taint of littleness. In the saturnalia of ignoble passions, of which the struggle for literary success, in old and crowded communities, offers so sad a spectacle, he never mingled. He had not yet traduced his friends, nor flattered his enemies, nor disparaged what he admired, nor praised what he despised. Those who knew him well had the conviction that, even with time, these literary arts would never be his. His poem (referring to the *Bothie*), of which I before spoke, has some admirable Homeric qualities; out-of-doors freshness, life, naturalness, buoyant rapidity. Some of the expressions in that poem—'Dangerous Corrieveckan,' 'Where roads are unknown to Loch Nevis'—come back now to my ear with the true Homeric ring. But that in him of which I think oftenest is the Homeric simplicity of his literary life." He was one, who

"On earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought."

Yours very truly, G. S. H.

DECEMBER 10, 1866.

REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to the office.

MR. FERGUSON'S AMERICA.*

MR. ROBERT FERGUSON has added another to the many books lately published in England about this country, and, while his work contains little which strikes us as either new or particularly suggestive, it is pleasantly and kindly written, and will no doubt conduce to his avowed object of contributing "something towards a juster knowledge of the United States, and consequently towards the establishment of more friendly relations between the two countries." The author visited us in the autumn of 1864, during the continuance of the war, and again in 1865, after its conclusion. Hence the division of his book into two parts, respectively based upon the data collected during the two visits. Some portions

**America during and after the War.* By Robert Ferguson. London: Longmans, Green, Reader & Dyer. 1866.

had been given to the public in the form of lectures prior to being printed, and the favorable impression made by them has, it is presumed, led to the present publication.

Mr. Ferguson is what may be termed an out-and-out Radical at home, and consequently he sympathizes with the party which is called Radical here. He is a thorough anti-slavery man, was entirely heart and soul with the North in the civil war, and even served at the front, during his first sojourn, with the Sanitary Commission. He believes in the magnificent mission of this country, opposes with as much bitterness as an obviously gentle nature will allow the Tory-and-Conservative, Pro-Slavery, *Times-and-Saturday-Review*, aristocratic English party, and consequently he rather loves Yankees than otherwise. But he does not like everything in the States, and it is easy to see with all his gentleness that he retains some sturdy British prejudices. He does not like spitting, nor feet on mantel-pieces, nor swift gobbling of dinner, nor the pretentious manners of hotel officials, nor the describing of clerks on steamboats as, for instance, "the accomplished gentleman, and correct accountant, Milt. R. Harvey." He does not feel altogether pleased in a society where it is necessary, as in a hotel drawing-room which he names, to post up a notice to the effect that "Smoking, writing, and lying with the feet on the sofas in this room will be considered as breaches of good manners." However, he finds so much to admire that we should say most of our countrymen, except the Pogroms and their disciples, will be contented with Mr. Ferguson and give him the right hand of fellowship very cordially indeed.

Like Mr. Edward Dicey, Mr. Ferguson remarks upon "the mistaken impression which prevails in England that the Americans are a communicative and an inquisitive race." The experience of the latter leads him to agree with the former in taking them to be, on the contrary, at least as regards strangers, one of the most reserved and taciturn of peoples. Of course, a foreigner's estimate of a people must be formed in a great measure by the company he happens to have kept, but we imagine that both Mr. Ferguson and Mr. Dicey are partly right and partly wrong. Americans are not as a rule very communicative, but they are naturally very inquisitive. But this latter characteristic has been so much commented upon and laughed at not only by strangers but by native writers, within the past five-and-twenty years, that it has been either greatly suppressed or habitually concealed. It would be strange in most countries that mere literary criticism should produce such an effect among the masses; but it is not strange here where everybody reads so much, and where the sharpest things which are written by foreigners are invariably and pertinaciously kept before the people in the newspapers. When Mr. Cooper undertook to lecture his countrymen, it is quite true that the press attacked him with the utmost bitterness, but the public read the books and profited by them. The principle here seems to be to crush the teacher as a sacrifice to national vanity, and then to amend the faults he has pointed out as a tribute to national self-respect.

Mr. Ferguson has, as we have hinted, nothing very fresh to say, and a book which has for its chief object the correction of common English blunders, can have no great interest for ourselves except as affording another gratifying evidence of the fact that there are Englishmen who are willing to see truth about America, to write it, and presumably to read it. The difference in the customs of English and American editors strikes Mr. Ferguson as it does most of his countrymen who observe it, *ex. gr.*:

"I had occasion when at New York to call upon Mr. Horace Greeley, the editor of *The Tribune* and the veteran abolitionist, to whom I had a letter of introduction. Now, one naturally looks upon an editor as at all times a difficult person to get at, but at this time Mr. Greeley, in addition to his ordinary duties as editor-in-chief of the paper, was deeply immersed in the political struggle, and in fact was announced to speak in no less than three different places on that very evening, so that I felt almost ashamed to trouble him under such circumstances; but, however, finding him in, I thought I might venture to send up my card, and inquire at what time it would be convenient for him to see me. The clerk smiled at my simplicity. 'Go up,' he said; 'he sees everybody that comes.' So I went up accordingly, asking my way from one room to another, till I reached the *sanctum*, and from the conversation, which I could not help overhearing as I waited my turn outside, between a man who wanted a dollar and Mr. Greeley, who thought he wanted to drink it (*sic*), I became convinced that it was literally true that he did see everybody that comes."

We trust Mr. Greeley will pardon us for giving additional publicity to a passage which may act as an appalling incentive to future and less considerate visitors, when we add that we do so to couple it with a protest against what we deem most unreasonable expectations. Why an editor, the legitimate claims upon whose time are usually very great, should be expected to see every indi-

vidual who fancies to call upon him, passes our imagination. We know that the majority of such intrusions are positively needless and that a large proportion of them are puerile. It is impossible for a man who writes as well as edits to do justice to the public or to himself when thus conventionally placed at the mercy of every inconsiderate idiot who may please to pester him. Probably Mr. Greeley's practice, like that of many others, is based upon policy which has been dictated by experience. It certainly is very good-natured of him in any case. If, however, the reason is—too common a reason with us—that "people don't like it" when they are not seen, which means in a majority of cases that they permit themselves to indulge in a selfish and unreasonable displeasure because they are not allowed to waste valuable time for which they give no equivalent, we submit that it would be wiser and better for the public as well as more merciful to an editor's own brain and nerves that he should deny himself to idle intruders and let them make the most of it.

There is a great deal too much with us of the habit of intrusiveness, not in newspaper offices alone but almost everywhere else. There are too many whose sensitiveness is greatly galled by a "not-at-home" who yet do not scruple to present themselves uninvited at or near the dinner hour, and whom the presence of other guests neither abashes nor sends away. Most of us need to practice a deliberate and judicious scheme of self-defense—a scheme which should include utter indifference to the displeasure of underbred and presuming persons of whatever sex or condition. However, we do not propose to write a homily upon manners, and therefore return to Mr. Ferguson. In discussing the matter of the *Alabama*, after deprecating as unreasonable American displeasure regarding some other alleged grievances, he proceeds:

"But the case of the *Alabama* stands on altogether different grounds, and it seems to me impossible for any just and candid Englishman fairly to review the circumstances connected with the career of that ship without confessing that under the same circumstances our own feelings would have been not a whit less bitter than that of the Americans. I do not refer at present to the action of the British government, which, whether it may or may not have been wanting in energy for the occasion, was, I have no reason to doubt, taken in good faith; but to the fact that the wrong-doing of individuals in fitting out an armed ship to prey on the commerce of a friendly nation failed to be condemned by the public sentiment of the nation; to the fact that the career of the pirate ship—for in her English character the *Alabama* was a pirate—instead of being a subject of shame and reprobation, seemed to be in many quarters a matter of exultation. And yet in that career there were many incidents which—international law apart—ought to have been specially revolting to Englishmen—such as that of hoisting the British flag to lure vessels to their doom—burning her prizes by night in order that vessels coming to render assistance might share the same fate—destroying on her return voyage the ship which had conveyed the noble beneficence of Americans to the starving workmen of Lancashire. And finally, when the *Alabama* had met with an equal match, and had been sent to the bottom in sixty-five minutes by the superior gunnery of her adversary, that partisanship, culminating in the ridiculous, should seek to give the honors of the conflict to the vanquished, and cover Captain Semmes with glory for not having run away from a ship of his own size. But Captain Semmes, whose bravery it would be very unjust to doubt, had more sense than his admirers, and declined to be crowned with laurels in commemoration of his defeat. These are unpleasant memories, but it is not by ignoring them that they are to be buried."

As might be expected, Mr. Ferguson found himself in a congenial atmosphere at Boston, and, more especially at Cambridge, he was received with an appreciative hospitality which he cordially acknowledges. He landed originally at New York, afterwards proceeding through the New England States; but it was not, as he observes, until arriving at the town of Lewiston, in Maine, that he "met with the first specimen of what is generally called an Americanism. A small boy belonging to the hotel carried my portmanteau up-stairs to my bed-room, having done which he sat down and proceeded leisurely to read aloud all the labels and directions upon it. 'I guess you're English,' he at length said; to which I replied that I was. 'Well,' he said, 'you talk just as if you was a greenhorn.' This quaint youth seemed, however, to have some element of good about him, for just as I was about leaving he came and sat down beside me, and, pointing mysteriously to one of the hotel servants, whispered, 'If you give the boys anything, give it to that one, 'cos he's the poorest.' The ingenuous urchin seems to have been altogether candid in estimating our author as a "greenhorn" and the amusing innocence of the latter as to the possibility of collusion between the boy and the "poorest" waiter would almost seem to justify this epithet. We have often had occasion to remark the striking "Americanisms" of English people who had been for some time resident in this country; and the following extract, wherewith space admonishes us to

close this paper, contains a humorous illustration of the same thing. We must, however, acknowledge to some curiosity as to what species of apples in America were found inferior to any in England, since, during some years' residence in both countries, we remember nothing to sustain the probability of such a phenomenon. Mr. Ferguson and an American companion were on the way from Oil City to Pittsburg, and had just entered a railway carriage:

"Not long had we been seated, however, before there came up a woman, who quietly said to my friend, 'I'll thank you to let me have that seat,' a command which he instantly obeyed. 'Well,' thought I, 'I have read of women doing such things in America, but I never witnessed such a cool proceeding before.' The new-comer, however, seemed lively and good-natured, and presently entered into conversation, giving us an account of a scene she had witnessed in the cars on the day before, when a passenger had cruelly beaten one of the little newsboys on account of some dispute about a paper. 'And didn't I wish,' she said, 'that I had been a man for the occasion!' 'Well,' I thought, 'modesty may not be one of her strong points, but there is evidently some good about her after all.' Presently I overheard a friend of hers in the seat behind ask her in a whisper if she couldn't get the gentleman beside her to change places, so that the two friends might sit together. 'Why,' she whispered in reply, 'I have just made him give me up his place once, and I really haven't the face to ask him again.' So then I perceived that even of modesty she was not utterly bereft. My friend, however, guessing the object of the conversation, volunteered to give her his seat, and came and sat beside me, the two women having the opposite seats. Presently the last comer produced some apples, and offered one to her companion. 'Ah!' said the other, 'these are not to compare with English apples.' My curiosity was roused. 'Why,' I said, 'are you so fond of English apples?' 'Why?' she said; 'because I am English.' So I learned another lesson against forming hasty conclusions."

THE BIGLOW PAPERS.*

NOT long ago we had occasion to review the writings of Mary Lowell Putnam, and at that time we called attention to the high literary position of the different members of the Lowell family. Mrs. Putnam has dramatic genius and high culture, but little humor; Dr. Lowell has dramatic power joined with keen humor, and is a fine religious poet; Professor Lowell has a many-sided poetical genius, is entirely a literary man, has a plentiful supply of humor, and can do many things equally well. He has, perhaps, more of the indefinable element of genius than Robert Lowell, though we can never forget that Dr. Lowell is the author of *The New Priest*, one of the most original and powerful novels that have been written in our time. These two brothers write comparatively little, but they both use the pen with an original force that makes us wish constantly that they did more for our literature. There is not probably a more thoroughly trained English scholar in the country than Professor Lowell; and we wait impatiently for some of the results of these studies in his promised edition of *Old Plays*. As a literary critic he has hardly an equal. He may write at times too ardently to *rein* for cherished literary convictions, as who does not? but his essays are perhaps the ablest productions in that line which have yet come from one of our own authors. We should only except the elder Dana. Mr. Lowell uses the King's English with a freshness and simplicity and hearty imagination which others imitate in vain. He did this at first and at once, as his excellent *Conversations on the Old Poets* (which ought to be reprinted) shows. He does it now. In the valuable introduction to this new series of the *Biglow Papers* there are some remarks upon this point: "It has long seemed to me that the great vice of American writing and speaking was a studied want of simplicity; that we were in danger of coming to look on our mother tongue as a dead language, to be sought in the grammar and dictionary rather than in the heart." "That we should all be made to talk like books is the danger with which we are threatened by the universal schoolmaster, who does his best to enslave the minds and memories of his victims to what he esteems the best models of English composition—that is to say, to the writers whose style is faultily correct and has no blood-warmth in it." "Whether it be want of culture, for the highest outcome of that is simplicity, or for whatever reason, it is certain that very few American writers or speakers wield their native language with the directness, precision, and force that are common as the day in the mother country." "No language after it has fallen into *diction*, none that cannot suck up the feeding juices secreted for it in the rich mother earth of common folk, can bring forth a sound and lusty book. True vigor and heartiness of phrase do not pass from page to page, but from man to man, where the brain is kindled and the lips supplied by downright living interests and by passion in its very

* *The Biglow Papers. Second Series.* James Russell Lowell. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 16mo, pp. xxx. and 355.

throe." It seems to us that Mr. Lowell comes very near the ideal which these extracts show he has in mind. His style has a strong personal vigor; it is crisp; it bends itself to his purpose; and when it glows with his best thoughts we acknowledge the spell of genius. He is as much a master of the language as Mr. Ruskin, and we earnestly hope for a collection of his prose papers; they are quite as worthy of that honor as even those by Macaulay or Carlyle.

But it may be that as a humorist Mr. Lowell will yet win his brightest laurels. He takes to that so naturally that one would think he were nothing else. There is a kind of witchery or anticsomeness in his poetry which peculiarly adapts itself to the Yankee humor of his *Biglow Papers*. In his introduction he informs us that his first poetical success was gained through the first series of these papers, then published anonymously. They were begun simply for the purpose of putting his own opinions "in a way that would tell;" but finding that he held a weapon instead of a fencing-stick, he went on with the series in a more earnest manner. "If I put on the cap and bells and made myself one of the court fools of King Demos, it was less to make his majesty laugh than to win a passage to his royal ears for certain things which I had deeply at heart." He has certainly made his majesty laugh, but he has done much more. We believe that the first series has done more than ten men's stout and constant work toward the present state of politics and the liberation of the freedmen. There is nothing like making your enemy's cause ridiculous in his own eyes, and this Mr. Lowell has done for slavery. The light touches of his satire have helped on the conflict; they have also celebrated its close.

The *Biglow Papers* are altogether an original piece of writing. The use of the Yankee dialect (which he defends admirably by showing its honorable relationship to high English authority) was exactly suited to give his satire pith and force. The homeliness of country life in New England has that picturesque freshness which was suited to his purpose; and hence Hosea Biglow is one of those characters which are done to the life. You may find his prototype in any walk of a dozen miles. We cannot say the same of the Rev. Homer Wilbur, M.A., pastor of the First Church in Jaalam; part of the time he is the parson, part of the time Mr. Lowell. His presence is only necessary as a sober check upon the satire of his young parishioner and upon the overflowing genius of Birdofredum Sawin, Esq. In his tendency to literature in a small way, in his fondness for scraps of Latin, in his keen sense of humor, in his pleasant provincial forgetfulness of the outside world, he is an admirable character; but in the second series Mr. Lowell gives him a political knowledge which (albeit the Puritan preachers felt equally able to govern the political as well as the moral world) seems a little too secular and statesmanlike to be clerical. We refer to his dissertation on the Trent affair and on the pedigree of Southern families, and again to the passages given from his note-books, after he has been killed off at a ripe old age by the author. Mr. Sawin is the most original character, a specimen of the thoroughly unprincipled yet jolly Yankee, whose language is a dialect caught entirely from mother earth. You may look far and near in modern literature for any character who embodies so much of coarse, rich humor as Mr. Sawin. He is more than equal to Elnathan Bangs, in *The New Priest*, in which we always believed, until we had the author's distinct assurance to the contrary, that this same J. R. Lowell had a hand. He is the real clown of *The Biglow Papers*. A specimen taken from his own description of how he was tarred and feathered and ridden on a rail will show how satire and humor and wit are all blended together in the professor's pages:

"Come, gentlemen, let's liquor;
An', gin'ral, when you've mixed the drinks, an' chalked 'em up,
tote roun'
An' see of ther's a feather-bed (thet's borryable) in town.
We'll try ye fair, ole Grafted-Leg, an' of the tar wun't stick
Th'aint not a juror here but wut 'il 'quit ye double-quick.'
'To cut it short, I wun't say sweet, they gi' me a good dip
(They ain't *perfeassin'* Baptists here), then give the bed a rip—
The jury'd sot, an' quicker 'n a flash they hitched me out, a livin'
Extemp'ry mammoth turkey-chick fer a Fesjee Thanksgiving'.
That I felt some stuck up in wut it's nat'ral to suppose,
When poppylar enthusiasm had furnished me sech clo'es
(Ner 'tain't without edvantiges, this kin' o' suit, ye see,
It's water-proof, an' water's wut I like kep' out o' me);
But nut content with thet, they took a kerriage from the fence
An' rid me roun' to see the place, entirely free 'f expense,
With forty-seven new kins o' sarse without no charge acquaint-
ed me,
Gi' me three cheers, an' vowed that I wuz all their fahncy painted
me;
They treated me to all thur eggs (they kep' 'em I should think
Fer sech ovations, pooty long, for they wuz mos' distinct);
They starred me thick 'sthe milk-way with indiserim'nt cherity,
Fer wut we call reception eggs are sunthin' o' a rarity."

Now such poetry as this is not only readable but it is rich. There is no American writing like it. And it is not ephemeral. These poems, like the first series, cannot but live when the events of the late war have passed into elaborate history; they will grow upon the public; a second reading will increase their interest for the reader. They are to a degree beyond criticism, because they are the gift of genius; but one or two in a generation can write such poetry. It is a fresh creation. We cannot criticize these few; we can only rejoice that such writings are American. It was a perilous thing to write a second series, but they are hardly less excellent than the first, and in some respects they are better. In the poem which Mr. Biglow wrote when his publisher asked him to "please be funny" there is a rustic beauty which is very charming, and the poem *Courtin'* in its completed form will long live as a Yankee idyl. In a perfectly irresistible storm of puns and oddities and almost reckless wit, the first series is superior; but it is quite proper that these new papers should be less audacious in that vein, because both Mr. Biglow and Mr. Sawin are older now than they were twenty years ago.

We should do Mr. Lowell injustice if we gave the impression that these papers are only specimens of satire and good humor. They are much more. He has woven many noble thoughts into the Yankee dialect. Few writers know better how to put a proverb into rhyme, and there are bedded in these pages many lines and passages which cut like a razor, and which will live long upon the lips of speaking men; for instance, the following:

"An' down to Boston, ef you take their showin',
Wat they don't know ain't hardly worth the knowin'."

And the long-windedness of the old divines is not set off badly:

"It warn't like Wilbur's meetin', where you're shut up in a pew,
Your dickeys sawin' off your ears, and bilin' to be thru."

There are also in the introduction, and even in the other parts of the book, especially where Parson Wilbur shows Hosea what he means by "natur in writin'," many choice hints and bits; and generally they are so woven in that they seem the very thoughts which would naturally come to different characters. One sentence we heartily thank Mr. Lowell for: "A clear and sharp-cut enunciation is one of the crowning charms and elegances of speech." And all through the book, shining out of the oddities and satire and humor, there is a certain high-bred tone and culture which show that the author is a creator, a man of genius.

In one respect Mr. Lowell is wiser than most of his generation. He says this is the last of Mr. Biglow. He will break out in a new vein next time. And this is very wise. It is the one great fault of an author in these days, that, if he meets with any success, he rides that particular hobby to death. It is better to do a good thing and to leave it than to repeat it everlastingly. If we are not much mistaken, though he has written other poetry which the world will not willingly let die, Mr. Lowell's highest reputation as a poet will rest upon these humorous papers; and with this honor, and with the perhaps equal honor of being one of the best prose writers of this century, fame has done enough to make him happy. We can only wish for the future that he may write some prose work which shall distinctly embody his high merits in that direction.

LIBRARY TABLE.

Lords and Ladies. Boston: Loring. 1866.—Belying a title ominous of delineations of the manners and customs of the aristocracy, *Lords and Ladies* is a story—it is not a novel—which we can characterize by no word short of delicious. The "lords and ladies" were five gentlemen—by a severe sarcasm termed "lords of creation"—and five ladies, between whom a dispute as to the relative dependence of either sex upon the other ripened into a challenge, by whose terms the five of either sex were to go into exile for the term of one month upon adjacent small islands in the neighboring bay, and that party was to be adjudged worsted which first allowed its domain to be invaded by one of the forbidden sex, or was forced to have recourse to the assistance of the other, or which first found its manner of life so unendurable as to relinquish it.

The advantage, it must be confessed, lay unduly with the ladies. In their party was only one discordant spirit from whose presence was to be apprehended a rupture. This was a young wife, just disenchanted of the raptures of the honeymoon, spoilt, querulous, silly, inefficient, and of a generally pettish and unhappy turn of mind. Among the "lords," however, are the husband of this lady, equally silly, equally pettish, addicted to feeble philosophizings, and meritorious only for surprising whiskers and well-arranged hair; an ignorant person, offensive in person and manner, onomatopoeically named Crabshawe, and remarkable chiefly for his habitual rudeness and his ostentatious misogyny; two young men with matrimonial designs upon two of the young ladies in the opposition party; and, lastly, Squire Joscelyn, hearty, cheery, jovial, but uxorious, and with his wife on the other

island. As if these people were not sufficiently likely to become the prey of ennui and disgust, is the additional drawback that, while the ladies' servant is an excellent cook, the gentlemen are speedily so nearly reduced to starvation that they are forced to try, with very indifferent success, their own culinary powers, for they are attended by a flunky constitutionally opposed to physical exertion, and by a being indifferently known as the (ironically) "excellent convict" and as Scruttlles, whose appearance inspires the community with a disgust which his actions deepen into detestation. Still further, a strong reliance of the gentlemen had been upon the capacity for household details claimed by Captain Crabshawe—on the strength of which, indeed, he had himself chosen chief or king of the expedition—but of which a fair exemplification is given in the following scene, which occurred on one of the rare occasions when he was in a cheerful frame of mind:

"He carried the coat and button into the captain's sanctum.
"Leave it here, squire, and I will bring it out to you in a trice all right."

"But the squire loved his garments. He had no idea of leaving so precious a thing as his coat to the unclean mercies of Captain Crabshawe's sanctum. There were all sorts of untidinesses."

"King Crab, seeing the state of the squire's feelings, suffered his vanity to conquer his nerve."
"Very well; hold your coat; it's all the same to me how I do it."

"But it appeared that in pleasing his vanity in one respect he was grievously affronting her in another."

"After a deal of maneuvering, which in a woman would have been called coquetry, Crabshawe brought out of his pocket a case, out of the case spectacles, which, with much care, he adjusted on his nose."

"What! Crab," shouts the squire (for his ordinary speech is so remarkably loud that when astonished he cannot help but shout), "come to spectacles? Who would—"

"Hush, squire, hush; not so loud. These are not spectacles; they are magnifiers. No one ever threads a needle without them."

"Elizabeth does, and little Bessie, too."

"They use bodkins. I confine myself entirely to needles, owing to their sharper points. There is a vast deal of difference between bodkins and needles."

"I should think so! Bodkins have tape for thread."

"My dear squire, you are quite deceived. Now, don't breathe so hard; it affects the thread, which sometimes is most obstinate. Ha! there, 'tis done; my needle is threaded, squire. And now for the knot. But stay; for a button double thread is the thing."

"True for you," remarks the squire admiringly.

"Now for the knot."

"Never was such vexations thread or such a vixenish knot. Either the thread would not be knotted, or, the knot being made, suddenly disappeared. But at last all was ready—needle, thread, and knot. Notwithstanding this desirable state of things, King Crab still paused."

"To tell you the truth, squire, I am always in a little bit of a puzzle as to whether one begins with the coat or the button."

"True; that's a devil of a puzzle."

"First it was placed one way, then another, then upside down, then inside out. Finally, inspiration condescended to visit King Crab, and the needle was seen coming through the coat within an inch of the proper place."

"Hurrah!" exclaimed the squire; "here she is; very near, Crab."

"Crab tries again, and this time hits the exact spot so nearly as to feel it would be tempting Providence to try again. Consequently he slowly, triumphantly draws the needle forth, then the thread—nervously as the knot approaches nearer. Finally, the knot does its duty, and refuses to go further. Satisfied, he breathes freely and remarks:

"I knew it was a capital knot!"

"Full of gratified importance, he is about to put the needle through again when the squire reminds him of the button."

"Ha! true—I was thinking so much of the knot I forgot the button."

"The button is soon in its place. It is held on to the coat with the grasp of a man saving himself from being drowned by clutching the branch of a tree. Crab makes one or two excellent shoos with his needle to and fro, which excite the squire's warmest approbation. At last he bungles; there is one hole in the button that is most aggravating. In endeavoring to force the needle through it, *volens volens*, the point becomes seriously damaged."

"Come, it does not matter; the button is on and fast, which is all we want, squire; therefore, I'll fasten off."

"But Elizabeth always goes like this," said the squire, winding the thread round the button."

"Well, it is not a bad plan; I will do it if you like, though unnecessary, in my opinion."

"The squire considered it more orthodox that it should be done. So it was done, until so much thread was wound round that the button looked as if it had a sore throat, and had enveloped it in a sort of neck-tie. But at last the coat was delivered up to the squire by the captain, who declared the button was as safe as a church."

"So it ought to be," said Frank, peeping in, "for you have been nearly half an hour sewing it on. Luncheon is quite cold."

Among the ladies all goes very smoothly except for Mrs. Spooner, the wife of the gentleman with the whiskers. This lady is constantly desirous of summoning the gentlemen to the island, by a prearranged signal, in order to caution Mr. Spooner to wear his flannel waistcoats and thick stockings. She likewise, when in low spirits, which she generally is, has a tendency to hysteria, and, being remarkable for her ignorance, once nearly disbands the party by her indignation on the occasion of its exposure. The attainments of the lady appear to advantage in a dialogue between her and Mrs. Joscelyn's daughter:

"The word 'trigonometry' chancing in one of Bessie's lessons, that innocent young lady begged to be enlightened as to its meaning."

"Oh, Bessie, you must not ask—it is a shocking word!"

"But if it is shocking how came it in my lesson-book?"

"I cannot tell, indeed, Bessie, my dear."

"Is it shocking because it is long and hard? or shocking because it is naughty and bad?"

"It means a most horrible thing, Bessie."

"Oh! is that all."

"All! Mind, Bessie, you never mention such a word to any one."

"Which advice Miss Bessie followed to the extent of asking Clara as soon as she saw her, and gaining thereby a rather clearer account of the word 'trigonometry' than Mrs. Spooner could give her."

The month at last terminated without either party actually surrendering, though each would have been twice defeated but that the other each time made a similar lapse. The gentlemen, driven by the pangs of hunger, seek the shore under pretext of going to church, but discover each other in the act of engaging surreptitious dinners at the hotel, and then unite in a grand feast. As an offset to this the ladies visit a man-of-war which enters the bay, where, in fact, one of them becomes engaged to one of the naval officers. At a later date, Crabshawe, being bilious, fancies his end draws near, and will only be appeased by having Mrs. Joscelyn sent for to nurse him. Just as the

boat reaches their island the ladies raise the signal of distress; they are attacked by robbers headed by Scruttlers, who has been ignominiously discharged and tries this means of avenging himself, and are relieved by the timely rescue after a defense heroic on the part of all but Mrs. Spooner, who goes into hysterics in the privacy of her locked chamber. The story—and a most amusing one it is—has only this of the novel in its composition, that it ends in a double marriage and a double matrimonial disappointment. If Mr. Loring can by any means make a practice of publishing such capital reading as *Lords and Ladies*, and will clothe them in more legible type, his railway library must be an assured success.

King René's Daughter: A Danish Lyrical Drama. By Henrik Hertz. Translated by Theodore Martin. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1867.—Hertz, hardly known in America, rivals in Denmark, in his success in almost every kind of imaginative literature, Hans Christian Andersen, with whom, indeed, when they both were entering the world of letters, he waged a satirical war which involved all Danish literary circles in a heated controversy likened to that precipitated by Lord Byron's *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. Publishing his first comedy in 1826, he wrote anonymously until 1832, not declaring himself until, like the author of *Waverley*, he had established among the Danes his celebrity as a "Great Unknown." He at once received from the Danish government a pension and, in 1850, a literary professorship, which in his old age he still enjoys. His collected works are contained in fifteen volumes, the last addition to them having been a four-volume novel, written in 1862.

King René's Daughter was published in 1845. In conception and execution it is one of the most simply beautiful little dramas in any literature. The king is, of course, the Good King René, whose virtues and misfortunes have been sung for four centuries. The daughter—Yolande in history, Iolanthe in the play, in which the poet ventures on the poetic license of making her blind, and thereby creating the incidents which constitute the plot—was affianced by her father in infancy to the infant son of the Count of Vaudemont, as a means of settling the succession of Lorraine, over which they were doing battle. Iolanthe, so runs the play, by an accident in her babyhood, lost her sight, but her father, partly from his tender affection for his child and partly from his fear that the knowledge of her misfortune by breaking off the betrothal would renew the war, brought her up in the strict seclusion of a country villa, where her blindness was not only religiously kept a state secret, but where the watchful care of all who meet her was exercised to conceal her loss from herself with such success that she grew to womanhood without knowledge that the gift of sight exists. Meanwhile a Moorish physician has been exerting his skill to restore her sight; but while she is left, sleeping, alone in the house, Count Tristan, to whom she was betrothed, while on his way to declare to her father that he has imbibed such an aversion to the woman he has never seen that he will not marry her, loses his path and wanders into the empty house; finds the sleeping girl; wonders at her beauty; awakens her, and is enchanted by her grace and charms; gradually discovers by her wondering replies to his unguarded allusions to visible things that she is afflicted by a blindness which does not appear in her eyes; and resolves, ignorant who she may be, though satisfied of her noble birth, upon marrying her. Only while the physician is concluding the cure which restores her sight, Tristan learns from René who she is, and the consummation of the play is in the devout thankfulness of all for the restoration of Iolanthe to the world, her marriage to the count, and the good king's delight in his daughter's double happiness and his own preservation of peace.

A more perfect art we have never seen than that which preserves the appearance of entire simplicity in this delightful little drama. The perfect purity and exquisite loveliness the poet has imparted to the character of Iolanthe, and the fatherly tenderness of René toward her, are more touchingly beautiful than anything we can recall in poetry. And the translator has entered so heartily into his task that no one can read the play once without a disposition to return to it again and again, and he may do so with the full assurance that each time he will be rewarded with the discovery of new beauties.

We learn with pleasure that Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt publish *King René's Daughter* as the first of a series of European poems of standard celebrity, of which they already have in preparation *Frithiof's Saga* from the Swedish of Tegnér, with notes by Bayard Taylor, and Lessing's *Nathan the Wise*. The success of these is to determine whether they shall add others by Goethe, Molière, Calderon, Tasso, and Munch, besides still others from the Russian, Sanscrit, and Turkish.

The Race for Wealth: A Novel. By Mrs. J. H. Riddell. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1866.—The custom of mutual appropriation so prevalent of late among preachers and novelists—the former adopting the sensation element to popularize their discourses, and the other filling pages with second-hand sermons and fragments of diluted philosophy to give a semblance of character and thought to a weakly-wrought story—is one against which we emphatically protest, in the name of all who go to church for spiritual and moral benefit, and all who purchase novels for amusement or distraction. "We pay our money," and we have a right to "take our choice." It is too much to ask of any reader that he or she should patiently wade through a chapter of moral reflections at a point of the story when it is essential to its interest that the action should run on uninterruptedly; and one might be pardoned for suggesting that the reader's pleasure would be greatly enhanced if the authoress would put such disquisitions as she feels called upon to print in brackets, or in the form of notes at the bottom of the pages, in order that they might be skipped without detriment to the story. Mrs. Riddell has evidently applied herself industriously to the study of many interesting

subjects, and when philosophy and metaphysics fall short, she ekes out her chapters with topography. True it is that Mr. Knight and Mr. Timbs have thrown a halo of romance over the old streets and buildings of London; but to make a novel combine the advantages of a guide-book is a very hazardous attempt.

Notwithstanding the blemishes, which experience and good taste will doubtless assist Mrs. Riddell in avoiding in future, *The Race for Wealth* is undeniably a good novel, combining dramatic power with an intimate knowledge of human nature, strongly marked individuality of character, and a keen appreciation of the ridiculous. The interest of the book, as we are told in the first page, centers round Lawrence Barbour, and the story opens with his arrival in London, whither he has come to make a fair start in the race for wealth, despite his poor but proud father's objection to his dragging "the Barbour crest into the mire of commerce." To the worthy Mr. Perkins, the manufacturing chemist, Lawrence was very distantly related. With him he immediately obtained a situation and became an inmate of the establishment presided over by the good-hearted but shockingly ill-bred Mrs. Perkins, and for a time endured all the tortures which a man of refinement and culture must suffer by daily contact with ignorance and vulgarity. Occasionally the tedium of his life was relieved by a visit to the senior partner of the house, Mr. Soules, a man of wealth and education, whose pretty niece Olivine, with her extreme delicacy and almost spiritual beauty, formed so charming a contrast to the coarseness of the little Perkins brood. One Saturday afternoon Lawrence went to Hyde Park, and, while looking at the equipages and all the world of fashion there assembled, he was recognized by a former acquaintance, Percy Forbes, whose character forms a striking contrast to that of Lawrence, and who is really the most attractive person in the book. While conversing, they were attracted by a great tumult caused by the dangerous position of a lady whose horse was running away with her. Lawrence rescued the lady and received injuries which confined him for a long period to the hospital, from which he emerged impaired in health but with renewed resolve to acquire both fortune and position. The lady whom Lawrence rescued at so great a sacrifice, Henrietta Alwyn, is thus depicted:

"Heart and soul and body she was a flirt; not an innocent, harmless flirt, like many a girl who settles down after a time into a sufficiently sober and discreet matronhood, but a flirt ingrained, a flirt who did not care at what price her success was purchased, what tears followed, what wounds were inflicted, so as she was satisfied—she triumphed."

"She was tall, and had a glorious figure; she had a skin as white as pure as the flower of a lily; she had got masses of black hair which hung in curls over neck and shoulders—in twining curls which seemed to have life in them, that were, as Percy said, less like the flowing locks of a woman than the coils of a snake. She had small hands and feet, her head was well set on, and she bore herself with a haughty and defiant carriage."

Of course, Lawrence Barbour becomes the victim of all this fascination, despising himself the while for loving her, and yet falling headlong into the snare, until he at last proposes, and is rejected in the most heartless manner by Henrietta, who informs him of her engagement to Mr. Gainswode, an old, infirm millionaire. Two years pass, and Lawrence toils on industriously, and, without conquering his passion for the heartless coquette whom his better judgment teaches him to condemn, he marries the gentle, loving Olivine. Such a union could not fail to be wretched. Olivine becomes jealous of the "bold, bad woman with the snake's hair," and Lawrence, wearied with the insipid perfection which is eternally finding relief in tears, breaks through all his virtuous resolves and abandons himself wholly to his passion for Mrs. Gainswode, whose husband opportunely dies. There are many excellent characters in the book which we refrain from describing, and the interest is well sustained to the close. We cannot help regretting the superfluous padding with which Mrs. Riddell litters her work; it answers no good purpose, for the really earnest writers, whose efforts are for the permanent interests of mankind, are not given to sermonizing; they know by experience that it is not the way to reach the depths of the human heart.

Lady Ashleigh; or, The Rejected Inheritance. By J. F. Smith. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.—This is rather a remarkable book, for the author attempts, and not unsuccessfully, to combine with a novel of fashionable life a story in which the sensational element is always predominant. Mysteries, incarcerations, secret chambers, Indian poisons, caskets filled with death-dealing vapors, diaries written in the sacred language of the Vedas, crimes which, if not impossible, are somewhat unusual in the present day, are strangely mixed up with election contests, fancy balls, maneuvering dowagers, and ladies kneeling in the snow to ruthless villains in a position to be conveniently observed by garrulous dependents. Notwithstanding some improbabilities, the story is one of absorbing interest, and there is a variety of incident and a powerful array of characters which would suffice for the ground-work of at least four ordinary novels. Lady Ashleigh is skillfully drawn; her weakness, her devotion, and her long atonement and daily suffering for an almost inevitable crime are naturally and truthfully depicted. At the commencement of the story Sir Henry and Lady Ashleigh are entertaining a large party of friends at their country seat, Heuston Hall. Other guests are invited to add to the festivities in preparation for Christmas, and among them Sir Harry announces the expected arrival of his cousin Mr. Arlon, who has recently returned from India, in which country Lady Ashleigh's early days were passed. The news fills her with ill-concealed alarm, and as soon as she can leave the room unobserved, she seeks the cottage of Esther Morris, an Indian woman who had accompanied her to Europe, and who promises her assistance in case of emergency. Shortly after Mr. Arlon's arrival, he seeks an interview with his hostess, in which his passion and her loathing are expressed in very plain terms:

"You forget," said he, "how completely you are in my power—that one word from my lips will reduce you to such abject misery

that mercy itself could never find you. I have but to return to the house and proclaim to your guests the relationship that existed between me and their hostess years since in India to see them shrink from you as from a living leprosy—to hear your husband cast you off, drive you from the house to which your presence is a disgrace, separate you from your children, who would henceforth blush to hear you named."

At this allusion to her daughters, the firmness of Lady Ashleigh gave way, and she wrung her hands in speechless agony.

"How the world will laugh," he continued, "when it learns the tale. How that the virtuous, immaculate wife of my cousin Harry—"

"Hold!" shrieked the unhappy woman. "Have you no touch of humanity in your nature? no sense of manhood or pity? You to reproach me! You! infamous as cowardly. I was scarcely fifteen when the wretched man who calls himself my father threw me in your power, sold me to you. You had beggared him at the gaming table; obtained possession of bills he had forged, and left him no means of saving a dishonored life but the sacrifice of his only child."

The ci-devant lover gives the lady three days to choose whether she will elope with him, or continue their former relations clandestinely, and in default of either alternative, he threatens to denounce her. At the close of the interview Lady Ashleigh seeks Esther, who promises to rescue her upon certain conditions, and to these the poor lady gladly assents as the only means of escaping present danger. Indian drugs are subtle and sure in their effect, and Mr. Arlon is found dead in his bed, an inquest is held, and the verdict returned of "apoplexy." This is but the beginning of the story, side by side with which is another of equal interest, and but slightly connected with it. Mr. Smith has undoubtedly a capacity for inventing extraordinary plots, and the lovers of sensation novels may take up his books with a certainty that their patience will not be wearied by tedious descriptions or unnecessary philosophical speculations.

Dictionary of the United States Congress. By Charles Lanman. Government Printing Office. 1866.—This is a manual of decided and permanent value, and as such should be in every library and in the study of every American who seeks, either in political or journalistic life, to understand the institutions of his country. Through the not altogether indefensible neglect of national as well as state politics on the part of the educated classes, there are unhappily too few in their ranks who know what they should know of these important topics. But it is impossible that this state of things should always continue. Sooner or later intellect and education must have something to do with the government of the republic, else not only intellect and education, but the country itself, will fall into careless ruin. To indicate all the steps which must be taken towards so desirable an end is not our immediate purpose. One of them, and not the least important, must, however, certainly be that of entering deliberately and exhaustively upon the study of our legislative history. For this purpose Mr. Lanman's manual must prove an indispensable companion. It seems to be very thoroughly and conscientiously prepared, and its official use by the Senate is a valuable endorsement of its merits. It includes the names of all senators, representatives, and delegates, with biographical data; dates of the successive sessions, names of speakers of the House and presidents of the Senate, secretaries of the Senate and clerks of the House, chaplains to Congress, accounts of the successive administrations and Presidential electors, details of the Supreme Court and foreign ministries, the organization of the Executive departments, the Constitution, the origin of the names of the states, qualifications for suffrage in the several states, tables of population, and a great deal of other instructive matter which cannot be found, so far as we are aware, in any other form so compendious and available.

The Science and Practice of Medicine. By William Aitken, M.D., Professor of Pathology in the Army Medical School (Netley, England). Edited by Dr. Meredith Clymer. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1866. Vol. I.—Dr. Aitken's treatise on the practice of medicine has for several years been a favorite work in Great Britain and has also been largely sold in this country in its original form. As a rule, we doubt the expediency or propriety of reprinting in this country the works of English authors. Those who wish for such books can obtain them from first hands, and generally prefer so to do, instead of receiving them through the medium of an editor and another publisher, with useless notes and additions and printed upon bad paper with worse type. Dr. Clymer has, however, added some valuable matter to the present work, and Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston have issued it in good style, barring the numerous typographical errors which really disfigure it and impair its value to the student.

Dr. Aitken's treatise is especially valuable as representing the present enlightened state of the science of medicine of which he in Great Britain and Dr. Flint in this country may be regarded as the chief apostles. Certainly the works of these two teachers and those of Drs. Bennett and Todd are the only text-books which, in our opinion, are safe guides for either the student or the practitioner. This is not the place to enter upon the consideration of this subject in all its vastness and importance, but we should be glad if some of our medical journals would assume the duty of denouncing those antiquated treatises which yet encumber medical literature and urge the death-dealing routine of blood-letting, calomel, tartar emetic, and starvation as the best means of overcoming the majority of the diseases to which mankind is subject.

The Life and Light of Men. An Essay. By John Young, LL.D. (Edinburgh.) London and New York: A. Strahan. 1866. Pp. xxviii., 497.—Dr. Young, some years since a minister of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, has been distinguished for the ability and candor with which, in various works, he has discussed several problems of religious and philosophic thought. His *Christ in History* and his *Province of Reason*, in reply to Dr. Mansel, produced a marked impression. In his treatise on *Evil and Good* he essayed a solution of the great problem of the theodicy on a basis akin to that of the late Dr. Taylor, of New Haven; and in this new volume

from his pen he writes upon the sacrifice and atonement of Christ in a way which reminds us of the work of Dr. Bushnell on *The Vicarious Sacrifice*, though he cannot be claimed as the peer of the American divine in grasp and genius. He sets himself in his preface against what he acknowledges to be "the leading, testing article" of the "evangelical faith" in respect to the satisfaction of Christ; and tries, in the body of the treatise, to work out a view which shall more perfectly (in his opinion) harmonize the teachings of Scripture with the dictates of reason and conscience; though at the same time he confesses the imperfections which must always cling to our speculations on this high theme. The fact of sin and the necessity of the incarnation of Christ are fully admitted; but the nature of his sacrifice is interpreted in a different sense from the ordinary orthodox formulas. It is not our province to follow him in his theological investigations; but those who do so will find him to be candid and able, even where they may not agree with his solutions. The volume is brought out in a neat and compact style.

Woman's Work in the Church: Historical Notes of Deaconesses and Sisterhoods. By J. M. Ludlow. London and New York: A. Strahan. 1866. Pp. 317.—One of the most important topics connected with the practical work of the Church is discussed in these pages. What is woman's true sphere, especially in the Protestant churches? Has she a proper work to do in carrying out, on a large and organized scale, the various works of Christian charity? Mr. Ludlow's volume gives a most interesting historical sketch of what was done by woman in the earlier ages of the Church, in the middle ages, and of what is now attempted in the more recent Protestant institutions for deaconesses and sisterhoods. He shows very fully that woman can thus act without assuming any irrevocable monastic vows; that in the female diocese there is the possibility of a large and fruitful work, hitherto imperfectly accomplished. Fliedner's Deaconesses' Institution at Kaiserswerth, with its numerous branches, Mrs. Fry's Institution for Nursing Sisters, and various other European societies, furnish instructive lessons. In this country there is here a great and good work to be done which demands wisdom and caution. There are many women all over the land who crave such employment, and only need that the way be made safe and plain.

Diuturnity; or, the Comparative Age of the World, showing that the Human Race is in the Infancy of its Being, and demonstrating a Reasonable and Rational World, and its immense Future Duration. By Rev. R. Abbey. Cincinnati: Applegate & Co. 1866. Pp. 360.—Dr. Abbey is a minister of the Methodist Church, and has written several vigorous works on the church and ministry, the apostolic succession, the identity of Judaism and Christianity, etc. His aim in this new volume is to show, in contrast with many current theories, that this world is yet in the infancy of its being, and that there is before it an indefinite future of progress, under the influence of Christianity. His general argument is well conducted, though scientific men may complain that he does not give sufficient heed to their facts, and the millionaires will certainly be vexed at the summary way in which he disposes of their favorite interpretations and theories. The whole idea of the millennium, as denoting any definite period, is utterly discarded, and the personal reign of Christ on earth is denied. The discussion is conducted in a thoughtful and earnest spirit.

Practical Therapeutics, considered chiefly with reference to Articles of the Materia Medica. By Edward John Waring, Surgeon in Her Majesty's Indian Army. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1866.—This is another reprint of a good book upon a subject which is, perhaps, more neglected by medical authors than any other in their science. Therapeutics, treating as it does of the action of medicine in disease, ought, one would think, to obtain the utmost consideration from those earnest workers who give their time and energies to enlarging the boundaries of science. Yet it is perhaps not going too far when we say that it has advanced least of all the great departments of medicine. Treatise after treatise appears, but each is only a better or a worse combination than those which have preceded it, and scarcely contains an original operation or any facts which really extend our knowledge of the actions of remedies.

Dr. Waring's book is well arranged, concise, free from useless matter, is fully up to the times, and is well adapted to the requirements of the medical student.

The Minor Prophets; with Notes, Critical, Explanatory, and Practical, designed for both Pastors and People. By Rev. Henry Coules (Professor at Oberlin). New York: Appleton & Co. 1867. Pp. 424.—These notes on the minor prophets come highly recommended by several eminent divines. They supply a lucid and pertinent commentary upon books of Scripture which are apt to be neglected, and upon which there has not been any exposition adapted to the wants of the general reader. This want is here well supplied.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- ROBERTS BROS., Boston.—Poems. By Jean Ingelow. Illustrated. 1867. Pp. 318.
The Book of the Sonnet. Edited by Leigh Hunt and S. A. Lee. 2 vols. Pp. 340 and 343.
Griset's Grotesques; or, Jokes Drawn on Wood. With Rhymes by Tom Hood. 1867. Pp. 151.
Two Hundred Sketches, Humorous and Grotesque. By G. Doré. 1867.
EDWARD H. WARD, New York.—The Fables of Æsop. Illustrated by H. L. Stephens. Lithographed by Julius Bien. 1867. Pp. 76.
V. H. MORRELL, New York.—Records of the New York Stage. By Joseph N. Ireland. Vol. I. Privately printed. Edition 200 copies 8vo, 60 copies 4to. Bradstreet Press.
B. B. RUSSELL & Co., New York.—Lives of the Presidents of the United States of America. By John S. C. Abbott. 1867. Pp. 480.
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington.—Dictionary of the

- United States Congress. By Charles Lanman. Third edition, revised to July 28, 1866. Pp. 602.
JAMES MILLER, New York.—The Little Trapper. By W. H. Hilliard. Illustrated. 1867. Pp. 293.
Lucy's Half-Crown, and other Stories. Illustrated. 1867. Pp. 292.
What the Moon Saw. By Hans Christian Andersen. Illustrated. 1867. Pp. 380.
Poems of Childhood. By E. B. Browning. Illustrated by Kennedy and Thwaits. 1867. Pp. 162.
Tom Randall. By Alfred Oldfield. 1867. Pp. 224.
Surprising Adventures of Paul Blake. By Alfred Elwes. Illustrated. 1867. Pp. 383.
BRADSTREET PRESS, New York.—Dies Ire. (Privately printed, 25 copies.) Pp. 69.
DICK & FITZGERALD, New York.—The American Boy's Books. Pp. 600.
Cribbage Made Easy. By George Walker. 1866. Pp. 143.
Manual of Chess. By N. Marache. 1866. Pp. 156.
De Walden's Ball-Room Companion. 1866. Pp. 100.
The Play-Room. Pp. 131.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia.—Cameron Hall. By M. A. Cruse. 1867. Pp. 543.
The Wonderful Stories of Fuz-Buz, the Fly, and Mother Grabem, the Spider. 1867. Pp. 79.
Infantile Paralysis. By Charles Fayette Taylor. 1867. Pp. 119.
SEVER & FRANCIS, Cambridge.—The Book of Praise. By Roundell Palmer. 1867. Pp. 523.
E. P. DUTTON & Co., Boston.—Hymns. By Harriet McEwen Kimball. 1867. Pp. 83.
T. B. PETERSON & Bros., Philadelphia.—The Bride of Llewellyn. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. 1867. Pp. 550.
AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, New York.—The History of a Monthful of Bread. Translated from the French of Jean Macé by Mrs. Alfred Gatty. 1866. Pp. 399.
HURD & Houghton, New York.—Poems. By Amanda T. Jones. 1867. Pp. 293.
LEE & SHEPARD, Boston.—Young America Abroad. By Oliver Optic. 1867. Pp. 336.
GOULD & LINCOLN, Boston.—The New Birth. By Austin Phelps. 1867. Pp. 253.
WM. V. SPENCER, Boston.—Darryll Gap. By Virginia F. Townsend. 1866. Pp. 456.
DUFFIELD ASHMEAD, Philadelphia.—Chincapin Charlie. By Nellie Eyster. 1867. Pp. 272.

PAMPHLETS, ETC.

- LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston.—American Neutrality. By Geo. Bemis. Pp. 211.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia.—Ravel Story Books: Matzine, Jocko, and White Knight. Illustrated. Pp. 6, 6, and 6.
BAKER, VOORHIS & Co., New York.—Insanity in its Medicolegal Relations. By W. A. Hammond, M.D.
We have also received current issues of The Catholic World, The New York Medical Journal, The Medical Record, The Eclectic Magazine, and Beadle's Monthly—New York; The Crescent Monthly—New Orleans; Our Young Folks and Atlantic Monthly—Boston.

LITERARIANA.

AMERICAN.

THE Bradstreet Press has just issued twenty-five magnificently printed copies of Mr. M. H. Bright's English version of the *Dies Ire*, which was originally printed in THE ROUND TABLE for Oct. 27, and was at once reprinted by *The Reader* and other English papers. Unfortunately, the word "first" was by a typographical error substituted for "just" in the xvi. stanza, and was copied in this edition. A new impression, however, also of twenty-five copies and in black letter, is to be made, in which this error will be rectified.

ANOTHER work in the same faultless typography is the first volume of Mr. Joseph N. Ireland's *Records of the New York Stage from 1750 to 1860*, of which 200 octavo and 60 quarto copies only are printed.

As a companion to Mr. Henry Harisse's *Bibliotheca Americana Velustissima*, of which we spoke briefly last week, the Bradstreet Press has just issued the first number of Mr. J. Sabin's *Bibliographical Dictionary of Books Relating to America from the Earliest Period to 1860*. This work will appear in monthly parts and be completed in about four years.

THE Rev. Julius H. Ward, of Cheshire, Conn., a frequent contributor to THE ROUND TABLE, will succeed, after Jan. 1, the Rev. D. P. Sanford as editor of *The Connecticut Churchman*. Mr. Ward's *Life of Percival*, which we recently reviewed, is made the subject of a peculiarly acid article in *The Saturday Review*, in which Percival, Whittier, Ward, and all other Americans suggested by the book are remorselessly snubbed.

MESSRS. ROBERTS BROTHERS have among their gift books an exquisite edition of Jean Ingelow's poems, in which the beauty of the book is worthy of the poetry it contains. The engraving and the printing are by the Brothers Dalziel, and the illustrations, nearly one hundred in number, are by English artists of the first repute. Two other illustrated works of a very different style, from the same publishers and same press, are *Griset's Grotesques*, or *Jokes Drawn on the Wood*, being a hundred capital quaint wood-cuts by Ernst Griset, to which a rhymed text is adapted by Tom Hood; and *Two Hundred Sketches, Humorous and Grotesque*, by Gustave Doré, in which that great artist appears in the province where his fame was won and in which he is a sort of French Leech. The absurdities the artists have delineated in both these collections are irresistible. In our next issue we shall endeavor to do a somewhat tardy justice to the holiday books which have crowded our table for several weeks in such profusion as to baffle all description of them.

A rumor is in circulation to the effect that the publication of *The Nation* newspaper is about to cease, but we are glad to be assured that the injurious report in question is unfounded in fact. We cannot sufficiently reprehend the contemptible practice indulged in by some journals, of giving mischievous publicity to stories of this kind without being at the pains previously to verify them. It would really seem as if certain writers who are connected with the press, but who are unworthy their positions, took a malicious pleasure in spreading prejudicial canards about papers whose only crime has been that of excelling them in industry and in solidity, and in setting up a higher standard than has hitherto been reached

in American journalism. *The Nation* has struggled laboriously to attain its present position, and we cordially hope that it may long flourish to enjoy it.

SOME of our cotemporaries have permitted themselves to indulge in some slangy gossip, which has been neither respectful nor gallant, concerning Miss Kate Field, a young lady whose recent contributions to the current press have attracted notice and commendation. In correction of misstatements, we beg to say that Miss Field is neither the daughter of Mr. Cyrus W. Field nor of Mr. James T. Fields, of Boston, but is the child of the late Mr. J. M. Field, long well known and respected, more especially in the South, as an editor, author, manager, and comedian. Mr. Field was widely known by his *nom de plume* of *Straus*, many of his fugitive pieces over that signature having been widely copied and admired both in this country and in England. He was for some time editor of the *St. Louis Reveille* and manager of theaters in St. Louis and Mobile. Both hereditarily and in her own right Miss Field deserves cordial consideration at the hands of the press as well as at those of the public.

MR. W. L. SHOEMAKER sends us this poem *To Autumn Winds*, which the rare loveliness of the season has rendered untimely until now that winter is here:

TO AUTUMN WINDS.

O melancholy prophets of decay,
And beauty's fall!
Bleak Autumn winds! once more ye rise, and play
Your gusty trumps along the orest-way,
Which dead leaves pall.
Lo! when ye come, the skies are robed in gray
And gloomy clouds;
Vapors enwrap the white brow of the day:
And fair flowers glide, as 'mid their haunts ye stray,
Into their shrouds.
All nature shudders when your tones are heard;
And when ye near
The chilly streams, their waves are wildly stirred,
Dreaming of icy chains, and scarce a bird
Will sing for fear.
Ye are stern heralds; and ye loudly tell
Of Winter drear,
And Summer's death, of which ye are the knell;
Reminding us that we soon fade as well,
And disappear.

GEORGETOWN, D. C.

MR. CYRIL J. MARSTON sends us from Washington what he terms "a rough but fairly literal rendering" of Thomas Warton's epigram, *To Sleep*. Of the original he says he has "rarely seen anything more felicitously or exquisitely turned," and with unnecessary modesty adds the hope that an amateur epigrammatist will "set in fine gold the gem I have poorly enshrined in brass." The original and translation are as follows:

Somme veni; et quam certissima mortis imago es,
Consortem cupio te tamen esse tori.
Huc ades, hand abiture cito: nam sic sine vita
Vivere quam suave est—sic sine morte mori!
Come Sleep! most perfect type of dying;
I gladly clasp thee to me lying:
Be here; go not: How sweet is being—
Life gone! how sweet to die—death fleeing!

WHEN writing last week of the want of a satisfactory edition of Poe's works, we were not aware that a book club in Baltimore—his own city—is likely to issue in sumptuous typography his hitherto uncollected writings, embracing, it is added, some never before printed. This will be but a portion of his complete works, which will be copiously annotated and accompanied by a biography of whose authorship we are not aware. An effort is being made in Baltimore to add a monument of Poe to those which already adorn the city, and for this half the estimated cost has been already subscribed.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ is to deliver in February, before the New York Association for the Advancement of Science and Art, a course of six lectures upon Brazil and zoology.

THE REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT, whose *Lives of the Presidents of the United States* has just been published, will soon sail for France, where he goes to collect materials for his life of Napoleon III.

MR. WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON is busily engaged in preparing his *History of the Anti-Slavery Movement in America*, for whose appearance, we believe, no date has been fixed. Mr. Garrison's health is still feeble, though improving.

MISS PALFREY, of Boston, author of *Herman* and daughter of the historian of New England, is engaged upon a new story.

MR. WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS has written a serial novel called *Jocelyn, a Tale of the Revolution*, for *The Old Guard*, which, we believe, is a monthly published in New York by one C. Chauncey Burr.

MR. JOHN ESTEN COOKE will contribute to the same publication a series of war sketches on *The Battles of Virginia*.

PROFESSOR JOSEPH LE CONTE, of the University of South Carolina, is preparing text-books on geology and chemistry.

PROFESSOR JOHN LE CONTE, of the same college, is writing a volume upon natural philosophy.

MISS AMANDA T. JONES, of Buffalo, is about to present her claim for a place among American poets in a volume of poems to be published by Messrs. Hurd & Houghton.

MR. HENRY JAMES is writing *Destiny*, which is said

to be a work of a more popular character than any of his previous books.

MR. RAPHAEL SEMMES (Admiral) has been lecturing in Texas upon *The Equipment and Captures of the Alabama, viewed by the Light of American Precedents and the Laws of Nations*.

MR. JAMES WOOD DAVIDSON, himself a *littérateur* of Columbia, S. C., is writing a book on *The Littérateurs of the South*.

MR. UPHAM, of Salem, Mass., has in press two volumes of *History of Salem Witchcraft*.

FOREIGN.

IN a book entitled *Huit Mois en Amérique*, M. Ernest Duvergier de Hauranne, who has been a frequent contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of articles on American topics, records his impressions of a brief visit to this country. Holding that "the real character of a nation and the merit of its institutions are best tested by the ordeal of civil disturbances, and that one year of political discord is more conclusive as to the virtues or vices of a people than a century of regular and mechanical life under the régime of force," M. de Hauranne pronounces in the main a favorable decision upon our government and social habits, although on leaving Europe he was actuated by feelings both of dread and dislike, which latter emotion he still retains toward the "fanatical admirers" of America abroad.

MR. HEPWORTH DIXON in examining the old Philadelphia Library—possibly in quest of more exculpatory evidence in behalf of William Penn, who is a sort of presiding deity of the spot—unearthed several hundred letters from James I.'s ministry to the Lord Deputy of Ireland. How they came there is not known, at least not told. Mr. Dixon holds that England should enter a claim for them, and that Philadelphia will interpose no obstacles to their surrender. Mr. Dixon's book on *New America* will be published in London on New Year's day.

MR. ROBERT BROWNING, according to a quotation by *The Pall Mall Gazette* from *The Leeds Mercury*, will publish in the spring an elaborate poem "of many thousand lines," founded on a medieval Roman story.

MR. BAYARD TAYLOR'S *Story of Kennett, and Wit and Humor: Poems by the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, are under review in England. In the former *The Athenæum* finds "facts and fancy combined with perfect judgment, and to admirable purpose," and in Doctor Holmes's pieces *The Reader* discerns—we cannot imagine where—"a strong likeness to the best of Hood's mirthful verses." There may be as true humor in Holmes as in Hood, but no other resemblance that we ever saw.

OUR collating of Mr. Wilkie Collins's *Brother Griffith's Story* with *The Frenchman of Two Wives*, in order to show whence *Griffith Gaunt* was derived, seems to have been understood in some quarters as an imputation of plagiarism against Mr. Collins. This was very far from our intention, for, without positive knowledge of the matter, we imagined Mr. Collins to have been the author of *The Frenchman*, especially as at the time it appeared he was a contributor to *Household Words*, and to have subsequently remodeled the story, as we have previously (*THE ROUND TABLE*, No. 43) shown to be his not infrequent practice.

MR. JAMES MARTINEAU'S *Essays and Criticisms*, whose original American edition we reviewed some months since, has appeared in England with a new preface.

MRS. HENRY WOOD, whose forthcoming *Orville College Boys* we recently announced, has contributed *The Ghost of the Hollow Field* to the new number of *Routledge's Christmas Annual*.

A RECENT translation of *Goethe's Minor Poems* contains this version of two of the Roman elegies, which we believe to have been addressed by the poet to his wife:

"When thou dost tell me that thou, as a child, to the men, my beloved,
Wast not pleasing, and thou wast by thy mother despised,
Till thou wast older, and quietly didst unfold, I believe it.
Fain do I think of thee as a peculiar child.
Form and color alike, the bloom of the vine it is lacking,
Yet when the berry is ripe, men and gods too it enchants.

"Why, my beloved, didst thou to the vineyard yesterday come not?
Long while waited I there, as I did promise, alone."
Sweetheart, I had been long there, but thy uncle I spied by good fortune

Near the sets; anxiously round, hither and thither, he turned.
Sneaking hurried I off. "Oh, how did thy eyesight mislead thee!
That which drove thee away was but a scarecrow. The shape
Busily patched we together, made out of reeds and old garments;
Busily helped I thereat, for my own detriment apt.
Now has the old man's wish been fulfilled; the most mischievous bird it

Frightens away, that to-day garden and niece, too, would rob."

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the change of *The Fortnightly Review* to a monthly, Mr. George Henry Lewes retired, on account of ill-health, from its editorship, which he discharged very ably, although failing to make it an English *Revue des Deux Mondes*. It may be remembered that we declined responding to an interrogatory addressed some weeks since to our *Notes and Queries*, respecting the relation subsisting between Mr. Lewes and the lady variously styled George Eliot, Miss Evans, and Mrs. Lewes. We held our peace from a conviction that the topic was one with which the public had legitimately no concern; but as the facts, as we then understood them, have found their way into print through the medium of a foreign letter-writer, silence is useless, especially as the state of the case is pretty generally sur-

mised. Miss Evans was, we believe, originally a governess in Mr. Lewes's house. Mrs. Lewes was unfaithful and deserted him; was forgiven and again deserted him; yet, by the English laws, a divorce is not to be had. Under these circumstances, Miss Evans lives with him as his wife, and among their friends is known as Mrs. Lewes. Her position is such as to prevent her entering much into society, where it would not prevent her being received with honor; and though legally it is entirely indefensible, those who best know Mr. and Mrs. Lewes are said to regard their anomalous situation with a great deal of charity and themselves with esteem.

PROFESSOR LEOPOLD RANKE, who this week completes his seventy-first year, will, on Feb. 20, 1867, have reached the fiftieth anniversary of his receiving the degree of doctor at Leipzig. On that day his fellow-professors at Berlin are arranging for a gathering of his former pupils and of his disciples in every part of Germany. On this occasion the Berlin professors "likewise propose to present to the honored Master some token of gratitude," the details of which are to be explained on application to Dr. Theodore Toeche, of Berlin. Ranke's reputation and his great contributions to historical science have been by no means limited to Germany, and it is with great fitness that it has been suggested in England that his admirers there should unite in some testimony of their respect for the venerable scholar.

DR. REINHOLD PAULI, recently expelled from his professorship in the University of Tübingen for his Prussian proclivities, is printing a work on whose preparation he has long been engaged, *Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, the Founder of the House of Commons*.

THE first number of Mr. Anthony Trollope's *Last Chronicle of Barset* was issued in very attractive form on the last instant. It introduces the Arabians, Proudies, Grantleys, and Dumbellows, whom the readers of *The Warden*, *Barchester Towers*, and several others of his books will recall and be glad to meet again.

MISS TITTLER's new work, *The Huguenot Family*, is appearing in *The Sunday Magazine*.

The History of Robert Falconer is the name of the story that succeeds *Griffith Gaunt* in the new English monthly, *The Argosy*.

GEORGE MACDONALD, the author of *Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood*, is writing a new story to appear in *Good Words*, commencing in January.

MR. TENNYSON, it is said, is about to leave his home in the Isle of Wight for London, being driven away by the intrusive curiosity of people who come to look at him.

MRS. FANNY KEMBLE is still giving Shakespearean readings in England.

MISS MULOCK (Mrs. Craig) has named as her price for a tale she has been asked to write for *Good Words* the sum of \$8,500.

It is denied that Mr. John Stuart Mill, as was rumored, is editing the works and posthumous papers of Mr. Buckle for publication.

MADAME MICHELET, the young wife of the old historian, is writing a novel entitled *L'Enfant*.

A SISTER of M. Alexander Dumas, fils, has also written a novel.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Announcements cannot be made unless received on or before the Saturday preceding the date of publication.

ROBERTS BROS., Boston:
Benedicite; or, The Song of the Three Children. Being illustrations of the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as manifested in His works. By G. Chaplin Child, M.D.
The Poems of Wm. Blake.

ECCE DEUM. Essays on the Life and Doctrine of Jesus Christ, with Controversial Notes on Ecce Homo.

HUED & HOUGHTON, New York:
Poems. By Amanda T. Jones, of Buffalo, New York.

CLARKE & CO., Chicago:
The History of Abraham Lincoln and The Overthrow of Slavery. By Hon. Isaac N. Arnold. Octavo, pp. 700.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Correspondents of Notes and Queries are reminded that no communications to THE ROUND TABLE will be read by the Editors if they are not authenticated by the writer's signature.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: I have a count upon which to move for judgment against the administrators of the lexicographical estate of Dr. Webster.

First, the planet Mars, as it is given in alphabetical order in the body of the dictionary, is said to be 142 million miles from the sun, while in a table under the head of *The Solar System* it is put down as being 144½ million miles.

Again, Saturn, in its order, is spoken of as being 79 thousand miles in diameter, and at the distance of nearly 900 million miles, while in the table its diameter is given as 75 thousand miles, and its distance as 906 million miles.

So much for the discrepancy between the two parts of the dictionary. Whose is the fault, and how came it? I suppose the figures in the first places were copied, without any examination as to their correctness, from some old astronomical calculations, while those in the table were taken from computations made more recently, and perhaps supervised by a special collaborator. Who was the collaborator—Professor Chester S. Lyman? If so, he certainly is blamable for not seeing that the other figures corresponded with his.

But the table itself is glaringly defective. For instance, the distance of the asteroid Pallas is given as two and seven hundred and seventy thousand times that of the earth, and her orbital period as nearly 1,684 days; while the distance of Olympia is put at two and seven hundred and seventy-seven thousand times that of the earth, and her period at only 1,635 days—59 days shorter than the period of the other, whereas it should be, according to Kepler's *Third Law*, 5 days longer.

Again, Psyche's distance is named as 2,928, and her period as 1,328 days—10 days longer than it should be, by law, to compare with the period of Pallas.

Yet again, the recorded distance of Victoria is 2,334, and her period 1,302 days; while Melpomene, at a distance sixty-two thousandths greater, has a period 32 days shorter, though it ought to be more than 50 days longer.

And once more, the table has a distance for Flora of 2,201, and a period of 1,193 days, while the distance for Ariadne is 2,204, and the period 1,197 7/10 days; that is, a relative period about 2¼ days longer than the law allows.

These are but four examples, taken somewhat at random, out of the cataloging of the asteroids alone. They show particularly bad.

G. W. E.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: At the beginning of act iv., scene 1, of *Macbeth* these lines occur:

"Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed,
Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whined."

Did the "hedge-pig" whine once or four times?

Yours, F. W. G.

DETROIT, Mich., Dec. 3, 1866.

Once, of course. The reading is:

"1st Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed,
2d Witch. Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whined."

With the above punctuation the matter is perfectly clear, the Second Witch's "Thrice" being simply an expression of assent, which, had she been a Yankee, she would have rendered by "Jest so," or if an Irishwoman, by "Thruce for ye." But some philological writer—Archdeacon Trench, we believe, in his *Study of Words*—has held it worth his while to enter upon a long discussion of the matter, after the manner of the verbal critics.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Whence comes the familiar quotation,
—"To fresh fields and pastures new"?

Thoreau in his *Walden* quotes this stanza, without any indication of its authorship:

"And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropp'd into the western bay;
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue;
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new."

It will be observed that the word "woods" is here substituted for "fields." Which is the correct reading, and where may the poem containing these lines be found?

R. L.

Milton's *Lycidas*, the four concluding verses, which read as follows:

"And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropp'd into the western bay;
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue;
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: The question was recently asked in your paper if there existed a complete list of all the books printed thus far in the United States. It cost you no trouble to answer this in the negative. So prolific has been the press in modern times that one might almost as well undertake to count the sands on the sea-shore as to enumerate all the books that have been printed here to this time; but it may be of some interest to your querist to be informed that in 1804 the Boston Association of Booksellers caused to be prepared and published what they called a *Catalogue of all the Books Printed in the United States, with the prices and places where published*.

Copies of this catalogue may be found in the Boston Public Library and Boston Athenæum, and I myself possess one.

AN OLD BOOKSELLER,
Box 2,699 Boston P. O.

BOSTON, Dec. 3, 1866.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Can you give me the origin and significance of—

1st, The cant phrase, expressive of incredulity, "Tell that to the marines?"

2d, The motto, "Astra, castra, numen, lumen?"

Also, can you refer me to the passage about the countryman waiting for the river to flow past which contains the words "labitur et labetur"?

R. Y.

NEW YORK, Dec. 6, 1866.

We believe the countryman story is Horatian, possibly in the *Ars Poetica*.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Some of your correspondents answering the query of "Melanie" have fallen into errors which ought not to be allowed to stand perpetuated in the columns of *THE ROUND TABLE*. Molière is not the author of *L'Avocat Patelin*. The old farce of *Maître Pierre Patelin* was first published in 1490, and Molière was not born until 1630. Its authorship has been generally attributed to Pierre Blanchet, but a recent editor, M. Genin, fixes the year 1460 as the actual date of its composition, and as Blanchet was born in 1459, if this theory be true, he could not have been the author. M. Genin, confessedly without other authority than similarity of style, credits its composition to Antoine de Sale.

De Bruy's, about 1690, "adapted" *Pierre Patelin*, put it on the stage, and revived its popularity under the name of *L'Avocat Patelin*, by which it is since generally called.

Retournant à nos Moutons. Rabelais in 1532 does use the expression, not as commonly quoted, but with the participle as above and at the commencement of a paragraph, indicating that it was probably a "current idiom" in his day. It may be found commencing the fourth paragraph of the first chapter of *Gargantua*, and has no connection with *Les Moutons de Panurge*, nor once occurring in the chaffering between Panurge and Dindenault.

J. G. F.

11 WALL STREET, NEW YORK, Dec. 17, 1866.

THE ROUND TABLE.

CONTENTS OF No. 67,

SATURDAY, DEC. 15.

THE MEXICAN PUZZLE.
MR. GREELEY AND HIS ASSAILANTS, THE TREASURY REPORT, NAUGHTY GIRLS, TEN DECADES FOR EVERYBODY, PUSHING A BOOK, IS THE EPISCOPATE LOSING GROUND?

CORRESPONDENCE:

LONDON.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

ALDRICH AND SWINBURNE, MANHOOD SUFFRAGE.

REVIEWS:

A NEW AMERICAN POET, TREASURES FROM MILTON'S PROSE, SKIRMISHING, ROUGH DIAMONDS, GUY HAMILTON, LAST WORDS OF EMINENT PERSONS, THE ORIGIN OF THE STARS, DISCOURSES OF REDEMPTION, THE SEE OF ST. PETER, CURIOUS QUESTIONS, NAMELESS, THE HOME LIFE, POLITICAL ECONOMY OF PROPHECY, CHRISTIAN ETHICS.

LITERARIANA. ANNOUNCEMENTS.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

The Manhattan Life Insurance Company of New York.

The assets of this Company have now reached the magnificent sum of three millions and a half, and its annual income is more than two millions of dollars.

In the first eight months of the present year it issued two thousand three hundred and eighty-three policies more than in the corresponding period of '65, and the amount of its increase in the insurance of lives was over six millions.

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